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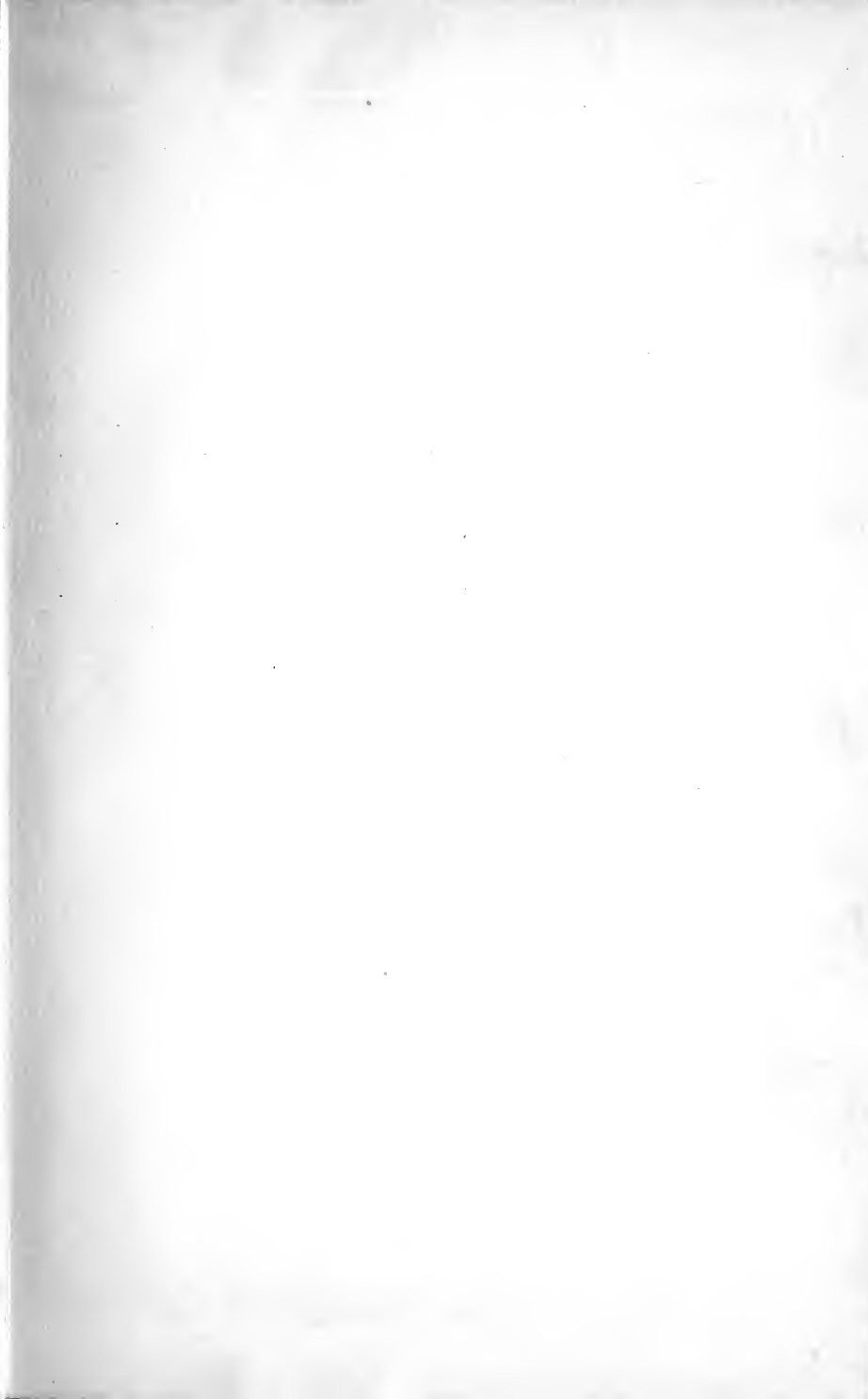


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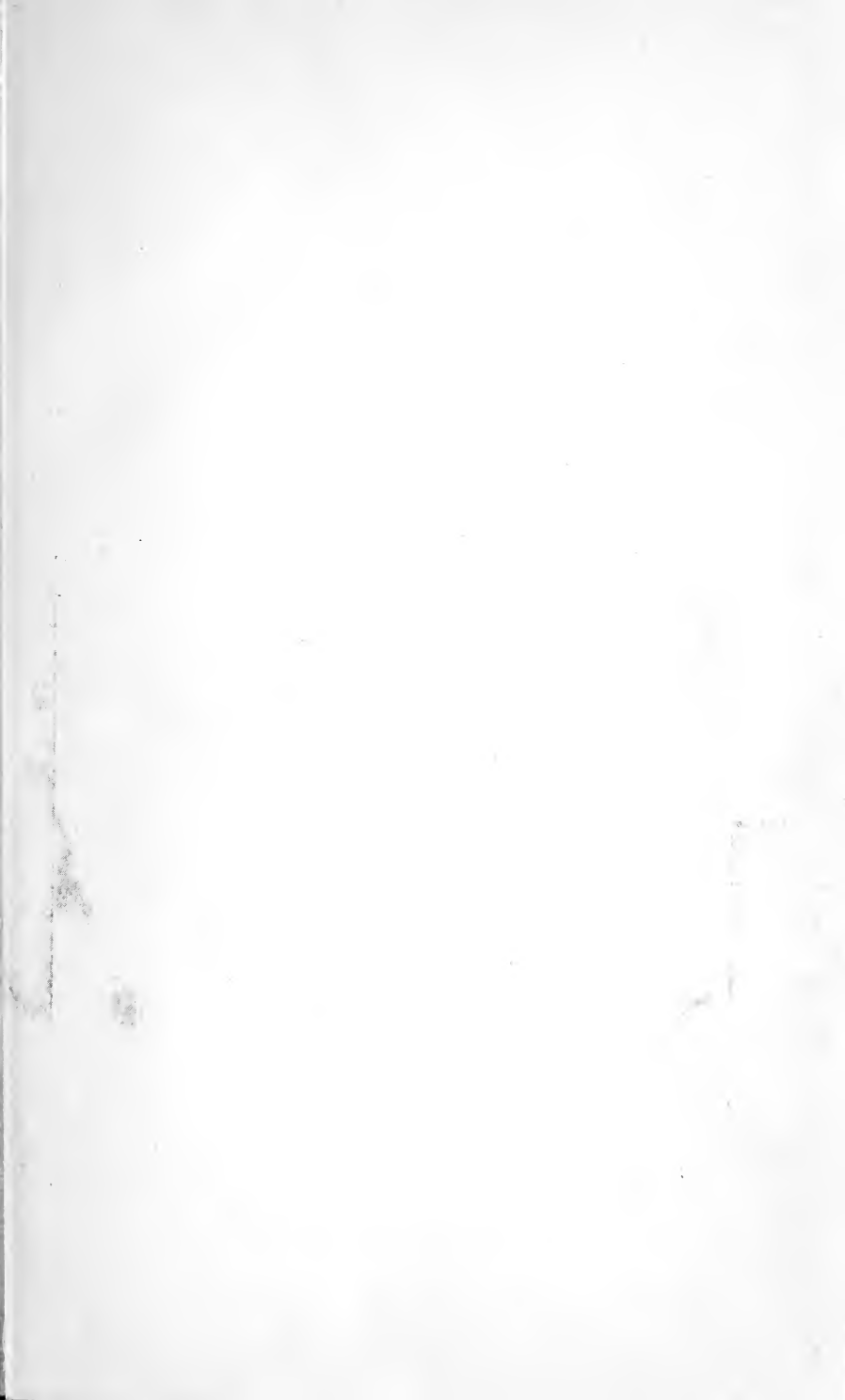
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JAMES MECCIA ("JIMMY")



# Life of "Jimmy"

Let the brother of low  
degree rejoice in that  
he is exalted.

—James 1: 9.

"God loved the world of sinners lost  
And ruined by the fall;  
Salvation full at highest cost,  
He purchased free to all."

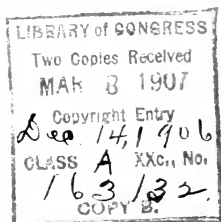
*John S. Hutchings*  
*Stidworthy*



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## PREFACE.

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This incidental abbreviation  
of the Life of "Jimmy" has no  
preface.



# LIFE OF "JIMMY"

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## CHAPTER I.

"For she (Huldah) dwelt in the College."

THE fact is that Jimmy can neither read nor write. He learned how to work for food and bare necessities. His schooling was rough, and so is his hair. He is of short stature and of sturdy standing—not taller than his wife—and of robust, healthy appearance; in short, he's short and thick.

It's a marvel of marvels the way I found him. He used to haunt the missions, and accustomed himself to visit the famous McAuley Mission, where he was ever welcomed by the late servant of God, S. Hadley.

Coming from Brooklyn the night when I met him, I entered the McAuley Mission, and, subsequent to his testimony and his daughters' singing (for he has three children—Jennie is the eldest and about sixteen, Frankie is about seven, and Marianne something under eleven), I loitered, determined to say how I wished to see him and alone, so, to be enabled to understand his worth and benefit from associating thus with

our hero. I found him about eight o'clock the following Sabbath, and was ushered through a long passage and up a flight and a half of winding stairs, with no light but those glistening from a cat as it shrunk afront of my first appearance.

## CHAPTER II.

WE heard him preach, but what words he used are not understood by any but those who paid great reverence to his coarse form and unpolished addresses.

It was about five years ago e'er he forfeited friends and gave good heed to avoid bad company.

I heard him give testimony to having been saved and of the manner in which it took place, and as long as he lived he always knew the month and the week, the day and the hour. As easily can he narrate his new birth as I can unite my praise with his.

I heard him tell on one occasion how his little boy was all cold and as dead, following a severe sickness. The mother, all weeping, resorted to gather clothes for a corpse, and yet Jimmy believing—his faith being great as is his simplicity—that Jesus who raised Lazarus could raise his baby boy of two.

So with tears of faith and love he prevailed, and saw the little one's little finger on the move; so faith revived and Jimmy prevailed.

The child now lives and is beloved and admired. Nothing was too hard for Jimmy when he believed Jesus.

### CHAPTER III.

**H**ERE let me say how glad I am to have been coworking with him for about twelve to eighteen months. His permit, now very extensive, was during 1904 almost confined to Canal and Mulberry streets, where he labored for six to seven years consistently. I preached alternately with him, and we had a great revival during 1904, to about Christmas of 1905. Many great cases of substantial work, both in regeneration and in converting Italians from Roman Catholicism to Protestant faith. I achieved my little preaching faculty while thus with him, and never did anything transpire but what he yielded to me entire freedom. During the latter part of my term with this work he yielded to me entire responsibility. Sometimes he was even silent, and seldom did any other engage when Jimmy and I preached; the reason being, that we dealt extravagance, and nothing stopped us in our work—no, neither lightnings nor thunders, no, not rain or cold, and often we preached and knelt where all was white and with snow.



## CHAPTER IV.

**A**NOTHER remarkable instance I will now record. There was always plenty of Bibles and New Testaments and tracts to be given away. And Jimmy never preached unless he had his Testament gripped with a thick thumb and the forefinger of his right hand pointing directly at Jesus' great Name.

I often think of him as he used to place his spectacles carefully over the bridge of his nose and say he was going now to read the word of the Lord. You may have been moved almost to emotion as he turned the pages to descry the Saviour's name, and of a sudden he would exclaim, "Bless the Lord, I can see Jesus!" and the tears would roll down his cheeks.

Now Jimmy was graced with a tender heart, and his little neat abode has been washed with tears, for you never knew a man to pray as did he.

## CHAPTER V.

**I** VISIT now his house and never tire, for it is a model church where all kneel before supper and read God's Word and engage in praying. The little boys would come and kneel as prettily as any ever did, and each would pray their prayer; and Jimmy was never too stern, but ever commanded all his house.

I never knew a man of prayer before I knew Jimmy, for he always prayed; and if any of the little ones were perplexed with slight ill-temper he used to say, "Yes, that's all because you don't pray; if you don't pray you can get all the trouble you want."

He was the happiest man, too, you ever saw, and would leap and praise God like the lame man Peter and John healed as they went to the temple.

His robust frame gave forth robust shouts of joy as he bounded as would a young hart, or as skipping lambs playing in God's light and warm sun.

## CHAPTER VI.

THREE years will it be of my knowledge of Jimmy when this book comes under the weight of the press, and the reason it contains so much, is because the greatest work has been accomplished and his house, as he declares, is founded on the Rock.

We have heard it said, by not a few, that he is the greatest man in the Italian nation, or if not the greatest, we conjecture him, as among the greatest; for he's a prophet to a benighted race, and amidst huge discouragements he plods away, and has assurance born of faith, that God fulfils, sooner or later, all the promises God has given him, while interceding on behalf of his people.

Some may, at rare occasions, wonder why a man, so untaught by schools, has any faint right or ability to preach, and they may wonder, for it's largely a supernatural case, and none understand how peculiar to a few are his revelations from God, and none can fully appreciate his life or light.

I marvel when Jesus said, "I thank Thee, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed

them unto babes," that people should be alarmed to hear one like our Jimmy preach with stentorian fire, and riddle all God's enemies with penetrative conviction, and yet, many are offended, and all because they have no light.

## CHAPTER VII.

**H**E gave me an Oxford Self-pronouncing Bible as a Christmas present, and the loveliest volume, as regards quality of paper and leather—and more valuable still, for that James Meccia wrote his name in it at my request.

This brings me to narrate how that once he was taken into Heaven, and at another time he was meditating and saw his name written in the book of life; and thereupon penciled it as he saw it, viz., "JIM." Coming home he said to his daughter, "Jennie! what's this?" She replied, "That's your name, papa." He gave an account to us of what he saw; when in the spirit, he entered the gates. He said, he saw the throne of the Lord, and Jesus at the right hand, and angels in white with their faces towards the floor.

He had wonderful experiences visiting the "Tombs," where he regularly preached to the prisoners, and saw astounding results; here is one, as he rehearsed it:

"I went to the Tombs one morning and met an Italian man who had killed another, and I talked to him for a while about Christ, and asked him if he knew it is written in the Bible that no murderer can go into the kingdom of heaven. This man told me a great story about his dream; he dreamt that Jesus and him asked his brother

to give him a Bible, and he responded; the man opened it and started to read; another man went in his dream and said to him, "Do you want to sell that Bible?" He replied, "No." Then, persisted the other, "But how much do you want for it? Will you take five and twenty dollars for it?" He said, "No." "Then will you take fifty dollars for it?" He still replied, "No." "Will you take seventy-five dollars for it?" "No." "But how much do you want for that Bible?" The final reply, "I will not give it, neither sell it, for a hundred dollars."

Jesus went then in his dream and showed him the New Jerusalem; and oh! how delightful! Jesus also showed him His hands, and the holes, signifying His crucifixion, saying, finally, "Return now to your own place." The man told me all the story, and wanted to know the meaning of the dream; I made him understand that Jesus wanted to save him, and asked him if he believed that Jesus died for his sins; he said, "Yes, I do believe." "Well, come," I replied, "we will pray together." So he knelt down in his allotted space in jail, and I knelt outside; he did not know how to pray, so he followed me in prayer, and getting up, his face was changed. In his cell he had a pipe, and gave it me to throw away. With that, I replied, saying, "God bless you, keep on believing. Watch and pray, Jesus will soon come."

At last he declared that he saw God. It was

while standing by me at Reade Street and Broadway; coming down the street he lagged a little behind.

Turning, I saw tears in his eyes, and wiping them with his handkerchief, he said, "I saw God."

The time came when he saw clearly, that he had to stand by me whenever I preached.

The time came, however, when my turn was to stand by him.

It is remarkable what fire he exhibits, and yet not remarkable, for prophets are fire; and the age necessitates men who can compare to the written word, "He maketh His angels spirits and His messengers a flame of fire."

You cannot come by the privilege of standing by such, and reading an account of a prophet cannot be like witnessing him—standing at his side.

It's altogether vain to class my experience with Jimmy's; and I only narrate the things I have seen and not what has come from any other.

'Twould be monstrous could we have him write his own life, and only by something of his gifts, can we give anything of his likeness, and coarse originality.

God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea  
And rides upon the storm.

Crossing the Atlantic for the first time, I found Jimmy, and he says, for a long while he had prayed God to send him help, and now, declares, and for long, that God sent me three thousand miles in answer to his prayer. I suppose to write an account of a valuable career. I have found more good than I can here narrate, and 'twould interest how much I learnt while visiting America, and more through God sending me to Brother Meccia.

'Twould amaze you, the revelations that may follow.

The waiting period has been a time of faith. The years have swiftly closed, and our hero has never swerved.

The test has been great, the faith still greater. He declared he had no faith, and at the same moment he was an Elijah.

The discouragements were never greater than the consolations. The worst darkness was changed to light.

Sometimes, coming from some quarters, having preached, he would say, "I wish God would help me;" and when knocked down by an ignorant band of men, he was known to jump and praise God; as did Stephen, so did Jimmy, as he says, see Heaven open.

We've known him pray all night and many times walk the streets of this city when all was cold and wintry. Nothing was too great; when God showed him a cold task he was warm in the



doing of it; all hours of the night he would rise from his bed, and dress to walk the streets, and get more good therefrom than any ever knew.

Strange things are accomplished by the world's heroes and stranger still, by God's messengers.

It's a life, not a fable—a truth, not fiction.

The pages of this book are not for pleasure, but to profit, not for money, but worth. The great joy he had when telling him he was having his life written knew no bounds, and he believed the writer had a great commission, for he said one day, that in spirit he saw a huge pen of iron in the author's hand.

Tears have brought fruit, and ever with Jeremiah did he weep for his people.

The reward will be when entering the pearly gates. No man can reward such consistent waiting, only God.

Borrowing was customary, and all around knew where to come when perplexed with affairs of this life. There were those who believed not in Jimmy's religion, but had faith in his generous heart, and as many times as any came to borrow, he would lend; this is God's children's privilege, lend, not borrow. We never saw any money or any article very often refunded, but narrate repeated instances of borrowed wares. His house was business-like in all, and all was executed in detail, as though it was a sweeping concern of great proportion. His

means of livelihood was a license to sell fruit at different corners as necessity demanded; his stand now stands by Walker Street and near Canal Street Subway.

"I work for my living," was a great help to his joy; and specially when he knew he was God's servant just the same. Many have said, "You are the servant of the Lord," and as many have heeded his words, when others, more learned, would never be countenanced, a lawyer, a judge, a doctor, a millionaire.

He once said to a judge, "God bless you! we pray for you;" to a millionaire, "I know nothing, only Jesus."

God loved the world of sinners lost,  
And ruined by the fall;  
Salvation full at highest cost,  
He purchased free to all.

This was the feeling, but not the truth.

This was the sense, but not the real fact, that Jimmy ever entertained. Coming in this morning I heard him praying as usual; and did not stay long outside, he had great sense of being a sinner and said after praying, "I can see I'm a great big sinner." Then weeping again, he said, "I can't mention God's name, I can't, for I'm so great a sinner."

Well did he see himself a sinner, for no one was so sure that he was a great saint, as when he saw himself a sinner. It's a remarkable fact,

that God causes men He uses to see their sin, and more specially those than any others. I'm at a loss to understand why they should see themselves the greatest sinners. Is it because they see God, and then see how different from God they are?

Yea "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

The time being, my time is all employed in writing this volume, and preaching must time being be relinquished. The object of this volume is not of any reason apart from uplifting Jesus' name, and a book of a saint would fail in its object, apart from this master-thought.

The time has well been fulfilled when from the street to the house. I shall have privilege of delivering this volume.

The importance can be better known of such a work at the time and period of its being delivered.

It's a book of value to everyone, and none can read its pages apart from good of some kind or another.

The preface has yet to be given and for aught we know the bulk has yet to be wrought.

One day we had a great time preaching at Spruce Street, Park Row, and the time was very special, and very blessed.

It was towards the close of the meeting that Jimmy gave his testimony to an attentive audience, and in all, we were richly blessed. The

close, found Jimmy as usual in a realm of delight; and could see, in the spirit, me, standing, as in the air, held up by his faithful prayer.

Another time we preached at Frankfort Street, Park Row, and we concluded that no man could preach, for none could preach perfectly. There's only one kind of preaching which is substantial, and that's the preaching inspired by God, and no other than the voice of God. God's voice, and God's word were the final words we emphasized. Many seemed convinced of its being a blessed time.

To mention details of all the times we have preached together, would be to employ all the paper ever spoilt.

There never was a time of our preaching that results could not be furnished to fill a huge volume. We went once to Newark, and Jimmy thundered the Gospel where he had previously spent wanton days; abused his body and though, not physically impaired, he did not preserve it for God's use, but, whereas then, filled oftentimes with strong drink, he now feeds on God and is full of God's riches, and God's Spirit.

Another remarkable instance occurred on a Sunday afternoon when like to-day, it was two weeks since that James, God's servant, went out and said nothing, but that he had to go out.

The latter part found him coming up the stairs, and saying to a follower at his heels, "Come in, my friends, don't be afraid."

The man, half intoxicated and scarcely sober enough to say any one thing clearly, slunk in as one ashamed, and crying, through having made Jimmy's acquaintance, through the late Mr. Hadley's photo, which Jimmy regards as all the drinking men's Father—not a compliment to the great Water Street missionary, except that he was a friend of sinners.

The photo was all broken through the drunkard's career, and Jimmy said to the man now in question, "You men, or men like you, have lost your father; and indeed this penetrated the man's human heart, and he sobbed from that time till he left Jimmy's neat abode.

This all I witnessed, every feature of the case, and at last wept too, and instead of sitting, I was impressed to kneel; tears filled my eyes, for Jimmy took bread and beef with his kind heart; and set before him, apologizing for having no coffee, and again, I felt how real and firm and thorough was his love; yet practical in every phase.

The man left and took a great bunch of kindness, which must help him reform, or else bring it to God's judgment seat as his seal to condemnation.

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE first winter in New York was one of profound learning. We had for our teacher—Jesus; and whole nights we waited to see what God would impress on us, and see what revelations may come.

The consequence was, that the spring and summer of 1905 wrought great exploits.

The manifestations at Canal and Mulberry streets were beyond comparison. The Sabbaths were Sabbaths of fights. The day of rest was a day of work. The people who were not agreeably disposed would always declare, when communing one with another, that the meetings were all for funds, and no good was it, did we assert, even at all, how we did it, as all now know, for neither money nor material advantage, only from a sense of duty, and to fulfil our calling.

These times were days of fame. They were days of profound preaching. They were times of refreshing from God; and in all we saw no less than God's windows opened, and a mighty outpouring of God's great care and love, great terror and great wrath.

Preaching was nothing but hard work; we sawed the air and broke all interposition, and denounced all intervention. The word of God was heralded from Italian summits, and from un-

fathomable depths of Scripture; and profound truth saturated every oration. Eloquence was Jimmy's, and it astounded the well learned. Power was God's, and it manifested itself all through the long line of continued labors.

Jimmy never held to anything but power.

Fire was his nature, and fire the burden of his prayer.

Let it suffice, to give few accounts of 'what transpired knowingly to me, and to hundreds, yea thousands, during the said term. There was nothing refined, and yet, his tears mellowed all; and were the great secret of commanding respect and reverence from all who saw him and heard his pathos. The time was when, to more joyful a tune, he rejoiced with exhilarating magic; and no one did not rejoice, when Jimmy shouted, "Glory to God!" and raise shouts of praise to Gesu's great name. I've known him to defend himself by outbursts.

The witnesses ever delighted when Jimmy rejoiced, would flock thickly to witness his marvelous experiences of untold joy. It was nothing unusual for men to come for miles, and with raised hats honored God, and knelt at his side for various reasons; but awe, overawed all, and power was sunshine; power was rain—power was witnessed—and "power belongeth unto God." There were peculiarities about Jimmy's meetings that never grew irksome, the methods were unpremeditated, and what wasn't continued

by direct guiding of God was equally sacred by the sacred gift of sanctified common sense.

We've known the meetings take the most sudden changes; and amidst the worst disturbances by indolent and ignorant men, there would arise great light, and it vanished all the trouble crowding into a sacred church; (for Jimmy always called Canal and Mulberry streets his church, and so it was, for the glory of God was as much manifested as in any place of worship, from a cathedral to a cottage meeting).

In vision, (and Jimmy saw much because he always prayed,) he saw a great hole as though dug for a foundation, and by huge machines, he saw a great, very great stone being slowly lowered to depths beyond the sight, and therefrom the greatest experiences were realized, and for years to come, from that vision there will be great talk, and great reverence shown to the church without a ceiling, and yet, one with an unfathomable foundation, even Jesus Christ the Righteous. It was on one occasion that my mind was directed to preach at Market street, Newark, and opposite the railway station, that I told Jimmy I was to go; and by about eleven o'clock on the following Sunday morning; so kneeling at one time during the week, he said, "I see Canal and Mulberry streets all dug up," and the next night I had cause to come past that famous corner, and saw the street all upturned by the laying of pipes, with danger lights all



round as a closed door. So, hurrying him round a little way out of his course to his house; he saw how he had seen accurately the street dug up, and no one breathed a word at any time, to give him any cause to anticipate such a devastation of his church. So, God said to him, or the "Spirit," to use his own word, "didn't I tell you the street was all broke down?" and that brought Jimmy along to Newark the following Sunday, where great things crowned the day.

That he saw things of this order I can prove. That he would see people at great distances I can positively assert. I went to Philadelphia, and he said on my return, "I saw you and a man spoke to you from the other side," which thing was true, and Jimmy in New York. Another time he waited for me, and disappointed not to have seen me early, he came again to his house, so "the Spirit" said to him, "He's coming and he's nearly here,—a man speaks to him;" and in the street on nearing the house a man did speak to me, and never for about two whole years, did any man, any time, among all those Sundays speak to me at that particular time of day in just the same manner.

Does this seem strange? then truth is stranger than fiction. Does this appear novel? then novel is turned to truth, and facts grow out of books, and life from words.

His testimonies were turbulent, and not appreciated much by inexperienced Christians; so,

for some time he labored midst a midday meeting at "John street." Now copyists are rife, and it can be easily understood that Jimmy had his; these were a wet blanket; and anything of a hypocritical order is easily detected; and by casualists, as easily espied. So there grew a forced atmosphere of fiery imitators; but whose fire kindled to burn only themselves;—so this came to a crisis; and came to be prevented by men not sent of God.

There's need frequently of men to wake up a dead Church; and needed awakening of its members: but alas! and woe be to that man who takes it in his lips to say, "Thus saith the Lord," when God hath not sent him. So, to finish the turbulent attendants who may be sincerely unreal, there was an uniform to be seen at odd occasions; but Jimmy, taking the bull by the horns, saw it, when he gave his testimony one day, and began thus: "Two or three months ago the Lord showed me the policeman, and he was to be found here in this place waiting to lock me up," and, pointing with keen intensity at the officer, he shouted, "Here he is now." So, the man, not heeding Jimmy but the committee of the meeting, was ready to execute any wish they may have expressed; and yet, those presiding, knowing the sincere and the real, were slow to interfere for very fear. Another time, our Jimmy saw another, not half as fiery, thrown away from the meeting. So, sure it is, that God

preserves, not only His Word; but the bearer of it: preserving both it and him. "I will rebuke kings for thy sake," saying, "Touch not, Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

This goes to show his prophetic gifts; and their accuracy: Furthermore, the greatest can here with applicability be added. It was during my vacation I was directed to Chicago. It was a couple weeks before that Jimmy could see everything. Relative to my work in very detail, he was right. Thus it was: "I can see you, brother, preaching, and against a red building, and I can see a big crowd of people and the policeman perplexed, not knowing what to make of it." Now, moreover, he saw me speaking to the policeman, and didn't see anything clear, but all rather confused. It was this way: I got to Chicago and left Dearborne station; coming out of the waiting room, I swerved a little to the left. It was immediately against the station, and one end of Custom House Place that I was impelled to preach, and about ten to eleven in the morning.

So, there being a great crowd of pleasure seekers on the outward journey, thronged the entrance to the station; and meeting those coming into the city from the station; made a work of bustling a character for the police, stationed at such a needed place. Approaching him, having heard that permits were issued, now done away with, I hope, when this comes to print; I

produced a few permits of Jimmy's, round New York, and said to the police, "Are you responsible for this corner? for I'm wanting to preach there; and have no permit;" he scanned my papers, and said he thought it would be alright, but permits were derived by applying (I think he said)—to the City Clerk; and gave me the address. "Well," I said, "if you won't interfere I won't trouble about a license; not being here more than a day." So stood and looked for the place Jimmy told me of; and lo, the Dearborne station is a large red brick building; and the emphasis laid upon the house, in appearance to Jimmy like an important hall; was that the building was all red; so he said it was a tremendous case: God sending me a thousand miles to preach for one day, and concluded the red house to mean fire. And that all he saw was accurate I have full proof. He told me I should see a man there too, and join with him, and though I forget his name I remember it in part. He was of Irish descent, and his name was Dan. —, saved by street preachers in Chicago; and he showed me the corner; he was previously a drunkard,—a crook,—a man bad enough for hell. But not despised; and received by Jimmy's Saviour; and was found of me, preaching Jesus to a large number of drinking, idle men, who knew all the tricks of evil sports, and were learned in all types of debauched knavery. This man was at times spending himself all over

the country, preaching to such men as those mentioned; having learned as they had, having indulged as they: So, speaking with him I won him to stand by me at my selected corner of famous preaching the famous Name, throughout the remainder of the day.

All to show that a prophet that God sends, is known by the word he saith coming true; but more to prove Jimmy a prophet, and to see him established from Dan to Beersheba.

## CHAPTER IX.

**H**E was impartial, and never spoke to please: He never respected any man, and yet, he respected every man. He had one man to praise, and that "the man Christ Jesus." He cared not for his own interest. He has been known to preach so at his business, that he couldn't conduct it as businesslike as the majority. How many masters, or employees, preach to their customers? He has been known to say to his customers, "Can't you praise the Lord?" and again, "Do you love my Jesus?" and if anyone remarked that it was a fine day, he would say so happily, "Can't you say, 'Praise the Lord, for a fine day'?" Some would say one thing, some another. Such strange remarks came from ordinary people; to the words like given, one, yea many would say, "I'm a Catholic;" another, "I'm a Methodist;" another, "I'm a member of the Holiness Church." But Jimmy knew nothing about creeds, or about churches, and all he knew was Christ.

Talk to him about churches, and he would say, "What is it?" Talk to him about Jesus and he would never tire. I've sat whole nights and talked to him about Jesus; and when we didn't talk, we would sit silent, and occasionally, yea, frequently, a voice would say, "Praise the

Lord!" and the echo would be from the other, as the case may be, "Amen!" For if one ever said "Amen!" the other, even asleep, would wake and say, "Praise the Lord!" And if one said, "Praise the Lord!" the other must say "Amen!" and the city seemed to vibrate. Praise God for a man like Brother Meccia; who never tired whenever there was a listener to his praise.

But it seemed almost too great to be understood by the generality of Christians; and they would meet him and ask him about business, and because, they said, they knew he was alright in his soul.

It reminds of Gaius, that John hoped in his writing to be prospering, as he knew his soul was prospering.

Jimmy was a pursuer; and never could be chilled, and never could be daunted. I have known people warn him, and say, "You'll get killed if you pursue this course." The worst thing they could say if they wanted to stop him, for he would be invigorated the more, and would say, "I don't care, I'll fight for God—to the last minute."

When impressed of a thing's truth he would go ahead and emphasize it, till all acknowledged it as he said. He would take hold of a man, or a subject, and hammer him to death, to make him understand a thing. If a man was slow to

catch his idea or his profound truth, he would talk to him for weeks.

He never let go. And though, a man would say, "I cannot accept your opinion," it would be as an insult to him, for he could then argue with the man, till he proved it to be, no question of opinion: "I speak," he would say, "what I know."

This is characteristic of a man who does our hero's work; and an essential one too, for there must be no ifs or buts with a reformer, or the instigator, of a subject.

It's the secret of his power, that he never withdrew a word; no, not to please a king, and yet, he would not wilfully offend the smallest mortal or the tiniest thing that ever grew.

It's a wonder what knowledge he has of the Scriptures, and with what great wisdom he can apply them. Jimmy would refer to the Scriptures, and debate like a scholar. It's very interesting to follow him in his creed: He had his creed. And never alters it; it's scriptural and never of dubious worth. He selected the most profound doctrines and never kept them secret, so we will not be thus guilty, knowing e'er this, in his autobiography, he would say something like this:

(1) No drunkard; no thief; can go into the Kingdom of Heaven.

(2) He believed none were Christ's, who kept not His commandments.



(3) He only believed that a man was saved once,—and for backsliding, he never allowed it entrance to his second skin. He couldn't understand. And said, the man that talked backsliding was himself a backslider.

Jesus didn't only half save a man, and he makes a clean sweep, when he gives his testimony, by saying, "Jesus saved me from drink,—from curse,—from dirty, stinking tobacco,—and from all sin." He never tolerated smoking,—the man that smoked had no right to preach; and he never understood how a man could be a man of God, and full of the Holy Ghost and smoke.

He dissevered all, and broke clean loose from Satan's shackles when he knelt down one evening;—confessed himself a sinner, and a sinner saved.

He had a revolver, ever before he met Christ; and now he says, "My revolver is this," holding up the Word of God. He was definite, plain, free and frank.

If any ever qualified to receive honor from God it's Jimmy, for he never shuffled to receive any from man, but courted disfavor and not praise.

A good man, and one universally esteemed, said to him one day, "Jimmy, if you go ahead in that manner you'll suffer;" I suppose Jimmy believed it and knew he had to suffer.

He has his favorite songs, and they are such

as are then and now popular, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," "There's not a Friend like the lowly Jesus, no, not one," "What a Friend we have in Jesus," "In the sweet by-and-by," and even others of the like order and finding how many he sings with Jesus' name, makes it hard to say, but what all hymns were favorites, and with a whole soul by him they were sung.

The other day he said, "I have a tremendous trouble; my trouble is I can't get near enough to God. I want to get near and don't know how." He would say, "I can't get hold."

To praise God was his business, and when he didn't feel like saying "Praise God!" was the time he praised God most.

Here's his own words. "When I don't feel like praising God, I say, 'Praise God a hundred thousand million million times;—praise God to all eternity.'" The devil never robbed him of joy, because he never allowed anything to interfere with his praise to Jehovah.

He bought some fruit one day, and was defrauded; the top looked well but were underneath of a very different order; so he was depressed for the time, and Satan came to him as real as could be and grinning.

So Satan said, "That's what you get for serving God." Jimmy thereupon took an axe, (and we have something to narrate about that axe) and chased the devil clean out of the house, and spat, and hit him, and with quick time, having

put Apollyon to flight, he rejoiced, and sang, and shouted to God's glory.

The axe one day was loaned; as he told us, to the iceman: who came daily in his round; and Jimmy, receiving the ice, did not again receive the axe from the man that used it; so he prayed that God would send him with his axe to-morrow. Jimmy soon found the axe again, at his side; and rejoiced because he believed God did not keep him waiting till the next day.

I went one day into his house, and in the evening; and all were then away, except the two little boys may have been asleep. Now this is marvelous. He began to say to me, "If my wife was here she would get you something in;" I happened to have had no supper. So Jimmy began to look for the best he could produce, for he, too, had had no supper.

The time wore on slowly and yet easily as usual; ticking clocks move silent, subtle hands, and so did Jimmy move his; and to our united surprise—for we reckoned on the best we could produce being prison fare, bread and water—it ultimated in having honey:—think of it,—I am passionately fond of honey. Jimmy also found little neat pieces of meat and the table was silently furnished with viands, and all at once, somebody said, "Well, praise the Lord, because when we say we have nothing we have honey." And this spoiled Jimmy's appetite, for though

sitting close to the table the tears flowed down his cheeks for very joy; and he wept instead of taking supper, which left more than I needed, and rejoiced while he wept. Is this a fact,—in God's sight I am and lie not. Indeed, one cried, the other laughed, while both rejoiced.

"We have a great God," his oft-repeated words; and I have known him grip the sacred volume for two or three hours of a Sunday morning before going out to preach, and then remark, "I can't let go this blessed book," and that morning, he preached the Lord's coming with amazing zeal, and marked fire.

The time came when he took my Bible and said, everything is here; and emotionally and yet solemnly, the words came full and clear, "That silver, and gold, and power, and fire, and knowledge, and wisdom, and everything is here."

I heard him say at another period, "I like to have this blessed Book in my hands," and, "I can't read it, but I know it's the Word of the Lord, and I like to look at it," and it would lay open in his hands, to yield him untold joy.

His daughter Jennie is a great girl in his sight; and furnishes him with a short reading every night he wishes from the sacred page. He finds her of great worth, and is womanly though very young,—her responsibility has been enlarged, and ever will, since her father is a good and holy man. She never fails but ever encourages her father, and gives him proofs of

her fidelity to his God. It's prophesied of her that she will be very rich one day, and will be important a factor in the lives of many. She's full of hope and optimistic as the parent, whose life we record;—their features, some of them, a duplicate of the other, denote all hope and faith, and all that Jimmy says he is going to receive, Jennie believes he already has; and trips to produce proofs of near preparation, fulfilling a "Meccia's" Philanthropic Home for "Waifs and Strays." This with so many thousand dollars has later to be realized.

The clouds bend over me, and I feel embowered with a full rich heaven, and continue my penning, knowing that God's clouds are full of rain, and His hands of rich blessing. The God of Elijah, never allowed him the key, to stop rain, over the period of a few hundred days, and that's why we have rain which is grace,—not fire which may yet have to come.

"Watchman! what of the night?" He replies with hope-words of the morning. What we anticipate or what we have received, is not so much our business, as what may immediately appear. Gold not God. God **not** gold. Sometimes men strive for gold, and it vanishes in their pursuit thereof; others seek God, and He addeth thereto gold;—now gold without God, is Hell without Gold. And one we heard speak plain said, that the God of this generation is spelt with a "I" in it—we add, that the gold of this generation

is spelt without God in it, and that is, to pronounce the letter correctly—HELL.

The bank of God in this world is the sea's bottom; and there's more wealth there than on the surface of the earth. How dare we misjudge God and think Him poor? I have in my mind to say how indignant our Jimmy grows when hearing men professing godliness beg money. These people, says Jimmy, in a quaint but certain way, have a poor God; they have to beg to buy a coat and shoes for their God. This is not Jimmy's God, nor is it one to be recommended; but heed the word of Him who says, "The silver and the gold is Mine, and the cattle on a thousand hills are all Mine."

The man that has no more than he earns, and no business but that over which his master presides, may be charged with folly, for saying he will have a Metropolitan Tabernacle; sell the book he now writes, in that very place; whose foundations are the sea's bottom, and whose wealth is God's gold.

Time like an ever rolling sea,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They die, forgotten as a dream,  
Flies at the opening day.

The sea and God's Word are sure foundations, and yet, whereas nothing can go below the sea's depth, or ascend to pinnacles of God's Word,—there must be no less a tabernacle with pinnacles and a sea of gold for its furnishings.

My faith looks up to thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour Divine.  
Now hear me while I pray  
Take all my guilt away  
And let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

Over which building the stars of God's adorning and the stars of America shall keep watch. The guardians,—God and God's judges set in authority in this world.

Stripes shall preserve it, and of spiritual as well as material in kind. The Stars and Stripes of America, and the Stars and Stripes of Heaven;—viz., the stars in the hands, feet and side of our Lord Jesus, and the marks of the scourge against His holy back.

It may be added, that already, we have some stools but they were used in our church in the street.

By-and-by, we shall have chairs to be used in our church inside doors.

Much may be recorded as to our adventure with stools, and make interesting reading matter with little pains.

It was while sitting meditating about the desirability of chairs, for the resting of those who came long distances to hear us preach, that we volunteered to give a dollar each for camp stools, just a few: There was Jimmy and another who is faithful, named Thomas Grande, a convert of Jimmy's, and whose wife when hearing of her

husband's salvation, said to him, "Why! take me to that man to speak to me of Jesus," and now, she weeping while Jimmy was speaking, weeps now with joy.

These stools were the property of the church, and I think there was another who gave a dollar—his name——, which assured us getting fourteen camp chairs. The first morning we were privileged to have one of them honored, and the very first man was a man with one leg and a crutch; who, attentive to Jimmy, payed reverence through rest.

This delighted us, and we concluded that God had answered our brother Jimmy's prayer, and had blessed and honored the chair.

This quite refreshed the interest in a measure, and though, now idle, they may again be in use, for they have been brought to God's sanctuary.

His word declares, that God's children in the wilderness did not find their shoes to wear out, nor their clothes to grow old. Indeed, God blesses common things, and they are then very uncommon.

God must be glorified or I cannot write.



## CHAPTER X.

**G**OD was the Name ever on Jimmy's tongue. He never questioned the ability of God. God was all and in all.

Defeat never was His, and Jimmy ploughed everything with that august personality. He would at times sit and meditate as silent, but that occasionally he mentioned the name "God." He would speak to no one at such times. They were great times too, and not infrequent. His manner was to sit and kneel in a lounge, and when the nights were neither in the street or in bed. The famous chair was bed and rest and work. For the chair was so strangely made that it forbade anyone falling asleep, and so much was it accustomed to Jimmy's kneeling, that it was a good awakener for one who depended more on prayer than rest—on God not slumber. "It is vain for thee to sit up late and rise early for He giveth His beloved rest." A scripture, Jimmy couldn't very well employ, so he would always take the least comfortable to him, and never charge God, or His Word, with being a concave. He would never excuse himself, or look for excuse in Biblical characters—never said, "David sinned and Peter fell," etc., etc. He knew nothing when people looked for a harbor of rest, or longed to ease the strain of continued labor after that which endureth unto

eternal life. God to him was a reality. He never knew much outside God, or to say clearly what we mean is, that he believed God was the Alpha and Omega of knowledge, and the people who knew not God were people who knew nothing. God was knowledge, and no man could test the power of another as accurately as our hero. He would never be slow to confess God. Some would think that lack of knowledge, stripped him of propriety, but nay, it was his knowledge that furnished him with confidence, so that he confessed God at all hazards, putting Him first and putting Him last.

The Saviour had said, "This is life eternal that they might know Thee," and knowledge of God was life to Jimmy—and knowledge of God, was the only kind of knowledge at all worth the having.

It's not lack of indiscretion that is the cause of so many putting God in the dark, or hesitating to confess Him,—rather let it be said that it's disinclination why so many try to serve God secretly, and though not fearing the Jews, yet so for they fear home associates.

This was very plain to our plain man. There was nothing refined about him, and he hated refinement about his heels. He was coarse but not absurd; rough, though not clumsy; disdainful, but not harmful. Ever awake for unreality, and would smite it, like did Samuel, King Agag.

God was in all, and no day would pass without Jimmy, had a new idea, but never anything but reconcilable to Scripture. The way he learned Scripture was by attention thereto whenever it was read, and if he couldn't maintain all, he would assimilate some; and if he needed any, that he did not assimilate, would come back whenever occasion set him in need. He was a great man, and could have made himself felt in any department of learning, if early advantages were his, but how many know, how many dark souls and minds Rome produces?

It's well to know the first principles of learning, and whatever we may say about crooked or artificial knowledge, it's far from any, we should hope, to keep children in darkness, just because Jimmy was extraordinarily great, though illiterate. Knowledge comes by experience; and it can be made serviceable to our lives, but we advocate learning, and furnishing everyone with as much wholesome teaching as the very choicest masters can furnish.

Jimmy had an out-of-the-ordinary head, not a receding forehead, but rather perpendicular, and perhaps slightly prominent at the top, where curly and silken black locks were natural and comely. He was not very becoming, as one would think, but at intervals, his appearance was most commanding. I have known him produce as much character and grace by a look, as one

learned in expressive arts could, by persistent study.

His moustache not long, nor very profuse; and Jimmy, never neglected to shave, perhaps, not desiring to be a clean-shaven American or a bearded Jew. Neither barefaced, or complying with numbers.

As it is, we give a graphic account of all detail relative to him, and simply because minutiae was his, and nothing was too unimportant to consider, or too small to be employed.

Little things make greater results than great men know; and yet, no great man ever abandoned anything that appeared small:—except, what a great man regards small, a lesser man would regard very large: no straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. Now, no two are peculiarly great in just the same way; but one great individual can ever appreciate another, and no great man ever defamed another, great as himself.

A man may be great with letters, another without any.

Jimmy, great, and illiterate; another, stocked full of serviceable knowledge are coequal, and equally great. There's no limit to marvels, and old things are growing new, and every turn of the biggest wheel shows something great, though nothing under the sun be new, nevertheless, an occasional revival has ever been appreciated; and ever will be:—and though another Jimmy

has not graced this generation, it's not to be said at any other period there was never such a being to be seen. Though, can one be revived from ages passed? We can easily write a few hundred stories relative to a modern man, great in God.

The next chapter must confine itself to Jimmy as he gives his experience. He gives glowing accounts of all who make him what he largely is. First, we ought to speak of his declining mother-in-law and what is only true. The time will soon come and she will rest in Christ.

## CHAPTER XI.

**T**O-NIGHT, being three nights previous to Sunday, we found Jimmy exercising himself in godliness, and left him bending with his face buried in the famous chair, and there weeps his way through to Christ's Cross. The way seems oft trodden by him, and again and again he fights, to lay hold of the Cross. It's remarkable that the way has to be trodden so many times, it's customary with saints to beat it hard, and beat it soft,—with shoes, and with tears; the way is endangered if not too frequented by the world's greatest, of growing over, and no one shown the way—the royal way of the Cross.

These exercises are frequent, and our house and the chair can certainly bear testimony, could they speak, that Sunday is near at hand, for Jimmy leans hard at the end of the week, both on his chair and Christ's Cross. The old lady, previously mentioned, sits silent; but meditative, her days are closing; she has ceased now to be young, but that she smiles when the little ones romp. Her work must be coming towards its last concluding chapter, and since it may not be that she's again mentioned in this work, our contribution shall be a brief account, of what she has learnt from Jimmy.

Coming in one evening, yea midnight, he had

tears in his eyes, and as she slid the bolt giving him admittance, he began to preach to her about Jesus; and she began to cry; and upon their knees at midnight, while both were weeping, Jimmy told her that the angels sang about her in the Kingdom of Heaven. Thereupon she left despising him; and we understand that she was inveterate against Jimmy's new religion, until she found Christ that saved Jimmy; and now, for a year or two she rejoices and ascribes praise to Gesu.

James ever met from his people the cold welcome words of, "I don't want to change my religion." His warm reply ever was, "Change your heart." So did he, with all his old companions preach famously a great Gospel, by preaching in every house he visited; and now lives where he once served the prince of this world, but where now he serves the Royal Prince, Heaven's King.

God grant grace, yea, many a day yet, for the light and benefit of a darkened race, that Jimmy's house may be a beacon where it's very needful; and where many an one can be kept afloat by consistent footlights, guarding the shores, and shoals, sending a searchlight all over the sea of Italy. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." A wave of light where all was dark.

It's been already said how Jimmy's creed is based upon fundamental truths. And we suppose, no Sabbath goes by that some part of

his creed is not well furnished, and very thoroughly enforced. We suppose, no preacher can give more graphic accounts of Christ's coming down from Heaven; he can display a picture as real as on canvas as to the bowing of the heavens during the descent of our Lord from the skies; moreover, we have heard it repeatedly to be his wont to depict the goats on the left hand, awaiting their descent into the fire that never shall be quenched. Enforcing how Christ came and said, "Drink," but never compromising a word, and thoroughly enforcing the wickedness of the wicked, calling on them to repent ere it be too late:—crying, "God has no pleasure in the death of the wicked."



## CHAPTER XII.

**T**HE ancient manner was for a prophet to have a servant.

The servant was greatly honored who waited on the man of God. The servant was not a rest lover or he could never be a prophet's servant. It oft records in early days how that the man of God, as well as the servant, were risen early. Early rising a great key to wealth of all kinds—no idler can be a prophet or a prophet's servant—neither can he be wealthy in any one particular. The man who qualified to be a servant of a man of God, was one who didn't love rest. How much pay was attached to such a calling we cannot with accuracy record; but we believe there was none; and, that a prophet's servant was a servant learning to prophesy; and because he saw nobility in such a call and strove neither for slumber or wealth. Let it be often proved that servants of prophets gleaned good golden sheaves—nevertheless they were neither slumberers, or money seekers, when devoutly prophets' servants. Early rising must be more carefully followed, and time was, and is, that he who sleeps loses much, while he who early rises gets wealth; not necessarily gold, that's material; but gold that endureth; and to be at Jehovah's call at an early date is as great

as being at an early hour waiting His commissions.

I would rather rise at two in the morning and keep awake, than go to bed at two and hurry through devotional a course, just to scramble a morsel and be in time for business.

There was never a time that I was not welcomed by a sliding bolt; at every hour of the night I have called upon Jimmy, and was always admitted, and he ever rejoiced that I came. In addition to sitting and watching whole nights with him: I have risen from my bed at one, at two, three, and four; and called at his abode where greater times were realized than pen can narrate.

He always said, "I'm glad you called, and what a blessed time too; what knowledge we get when together and waiting upon God." The time was eventually when he declared that he had built his house; and no man could knock it down: for it was built upon the rock, and that rock was Christ.

Jimmy built for time and eternity. He never said anything he didn't mean, and never found time to make light of life. He ever was seriously joyful, and though, positively religious, his religion was a well-spring of joy. He knew no jokes, and play was never his. He was so rooted with strong manly sentiment, that to turn anything from the direct course, or make fun; would be as foreign to him as could be:—and he depre-

cated jocularly in any form. Fun was his to see his little ones and make them happy. There was (and he gives a call occasionally even now) a bearded man, who never tolerated anything which was of ornament, providing it hadn't the purest descent from orthodox scriptural belief; to say he was narrow would be wrong, but he was overbearing there's no question of doubt: We saw a Christmas tree prettily decorated, and adorned with childish interest; and how a man could find offence I don't know: but some look for trifles, and for no other reason than to cry aloud, and to no beneficial purpose: and so did our friend; and caused, not much sympathy, with, or from the little ones. How much benefit he derived, would be enough to take away his own joy, had he any; and make him over-religious; and in consequence, gloomy, when Christmas should be happy and cheerful, and the fire-side should crack with thorns and child voices. Solomon was one of few that were so profoundly wise; and he says, "Be not over-religious" and depend upon it, that joyless Christianity is not worth the having. Jimmy would go out of his way to please his children; and was sorry that our friend, was so inveterate against Christmas trees: but what could Jimmy do—he was happy to see the children happy, and merry as Christmas should be, were his little ones.

But our profound, overbearing friend thought it wrong, and that it savored paganism, or was

a relic of Rome; and what else he thought none cared to know. We were happy during Christmas, 1904; and there was a Christmas tree, during the eventful season of 1905, and a pretty one too.

There's no merit in robbing little lives; and making them grow without playfulness. There's no merit either, in keeping sunshine out of their lives; for it's unnatural, and a child will grow to repudiate a religion that forbade him being blithe.

A child that plays well, will in the end, work well; and you cannot make a man of him who never was a child. There's nothing manly in copying children; or nothing gained by children copying older people, when their years are yet tender; and their days but sunshine.

The little ones must be considered, I find it already to wish them a very happy Christmas.

The subject of Jimmy praising God, and when he didn't feel like it, occurs to me, for I feel compelled to write, and don't much feel like it. To-night, visiting a dear friend, we talked of Jimmy, and particularly of him being great in advice: We have been rescued from many a pitfall by Jimmy's prompt word, and often received it as God's message; and always to our advantage.

He was a man of one word, there was not anything unstable about him.

James says, "A doubleminded man is unstable

in all his ways." Now Jimmy, never halted; he saw one way and it seemed the right, and whether or not, he took it, and praise be to God for such a man, who took to his course with manly bearing, and never was he compelled to draw back in anything, either through lack of courage or conviction; for twofold were his incentives to duty. God was in Jimmy's career far more than any other that I ever knew. He would never make compromise to please himself or friends.

The Holy Spirit was Jimmy's. For why, we may go on to show. There was one time when he visited me, and almost directly after my acquaintance with him. He knocked at the window, and glad was I to admit him, by getting out of bed and unlocking my door. It was a bitterly cold night.

The time then was when I prevailed to get him sleep with me, for it was a large iron bed that afforded plenty of room to us both.

'Twas not long before he placed his trousers carefully under the bolster, and settled down as he fully thought; and for the remainder of the night.

We talked freely for awhile about our Saviour, and a few moments more made him say, "I'm 'fraid I can't get rest to-night," nor did he; for much as he tried, he finally had to try no longer, and got up and walked the streets for the greatest part of the night. This may seem a simple

and insufficient account, to prove a man to possess the Holy Spirit. This account can be given force to by a further account. It's nearing two o'clock so here I'll take my rest, or take what God appoints and say like Jimmy, "Praise the Lord for rest and praise the Lord for work." Waiting upon God, is the way these pages are written, and what doesn't follow subsequent to such waiting is of little value. It's not sufficient to pen words, we must write a life; we must not only write when it's easy, but do that hard and laborious task.

'Tis a favorite saying of a man I know, "that, to keep awake when very tired is to pray." Pray, and like Jimmy;—we wait upon God when we are asleep.

## CHAPTER XIII.

**H**E was correspondent with the commandment: "That which is altogether just shalt thou follow." It was when anyone ran in haste, and without sufficient change, that he showed his concern; and would fetch him back, saying, "I don't want your money, my friend." This would give him occasion for preaching, and would say, "Do you know why I don't rob you? It's because, so many years, or months, or weeks ago, God saved me."

He would charm any casualist, or any kind of indifference, when first showing, how that God was just, and particular too, for his children, that they should "follow justice with all men." The reason we must emphasize the great characteristic, is, because it charmed all; and however much it may be lacking, and with God's people; surely it is that Jimmy made up for their lack, as far as he could, and by setting so many the example.

"Example before precept;" and the reason he was so used by God, is that at the back of him there was a strict adherence to all claims of right; and causes, of whatever there may be of justice: a just man. Coming down in the train just lately, on my way to visit him, it came to my mind that having known Jimmy

for about two years I never knew him to do anything wrong. This brought tears to my eyes, and I find it a rare occurrence to meet a righteous man; of whom we can give such a great testimony. I never saw him do anything which showed anything contrary to the teaching and commands of Jimmy's Master. A Christian, and only because he followed Christ. "He that is born of God cannot sin." And "if any man sin we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous."

"There's only one good, that's God," was his oft expressed words; and whereas he knew the possibilities of God in Christ to be great enough to make a man holy:—he never said, or thought himself a holy, or even a good and righteous man. Ever ready to give the Saviour glory. When one said by any by-chance, "I know you are a good man," he ever corrected them, by making them, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Now will I tell to sinners round,  
How dear a Saviour I have found;  
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,  
And say "Behold the way of God."

The way of the cross. How much more may be said reconcilable to our good man's conduct? The manner he conducted himself and surroundings is unique every way.

He's been known to wake all hours, and rise



from his bed; and with as much goodwill as a hungry man would eat an appetizing lunch. He would often preach dumb sermons. He never opened his mouth if the atmosphere was thick and with unbelief;—for often he has said, "I can't open my mouth," and would thereupon retire; and feel glad he never broke the silence. He was greatest of all when at table; for did you spend as many lunch times with him as some, you would perhaps come to believe it true, that the best part, or the most enjoyed by him, was the grace. Sometimes it was sung; other times, the tiniest boy said it, and often, Jimmy said grace; at other seasons, his visitor may be called upon. And it was a relishable time; when we had grace it savored every victual, and whatever was on the table and a colored and white cloth was certainly blessed.

It's been bread and water, and it has varied even to roast chicken; and even when chicken were very dear. The board has been laden with rich variety; and fulness was applied. The day when it seemed dulled through inclement weather was the day of days, and made the inner life shine brighter and brighter.

He lies on his couch now and sleeps;—and before dosing he got up and said, "I got to get up and tell you, that no money can buy the blessed experience and joy the Lord gave me to-day," and that said, he fell asleep:—but the idea of his having to get up to tell me was

singular; and very rare; even among great saints. A week since, a friend of mine visited the Philippine Islands as a missionary; and she came to his house for a few minutes before taking her journey: the time was great for her; as for advice, he gave it, and very freely.

In a word, he said, "Look only to the Cross, and you'll get great light."

Now no one can be offended when having the like advice; unless they have never been to the Cross. He would judge himself capable of expressing such pointed exhortations, even to people very much advanced in brain knowledge; which thing was no good unless the Cross was seen, and its light made all knowledge glow with sanctifying light. A doctor to-day, hearing that Jimmy's life was being written, wanted to read if only a few lines, of the original penning;—so, to favor and please one worthy, we grudgingly consented, not to please the reader but the one who interceded; and what consequence will come of the loan we care little to know; and surely, without any desire for anyone to express an opinion, we go on, not admitting the book's absence more than about four hours. The fact is, that since Jimmy's heard that his career was being writ down, he hasn't ceased telling everybody; and all are anxious to see the book before it's at all like ready; so we will hurry, *Deo volente*, to have it done, and hoping

Jimmy will not make any more promises till the work has been put into other hands.

One night, talking with him, very long ago now, he said that Elijah was coming from Heaven, before Jesus came:—this was in his creed.

Yet, asking him what he thought the manner of his coming would be, his idea was crude, and he thought actually from Heaven; and not, as he now believes.

However, a talk by God's help brought him light; and he said during the conversation, "I can see Elijah," and had his hand on his door; and when Elijah comes, we suppose he will be an ordinary man but with wonderful knowledge and great power, and a flaming nature; and a spiritual giant. The time has come, when we talk no more of his coming but believe in very spirit he has come; and let it be added, that the exception for spiritual power and zeal in the Old Testament may be the rule under the New Testament, during the greatest of dispensations; namely, the dispensation of grace.

"I wish Jesus would come to-night, and I wish the Lord would take me away from everything of this rotten world," was the secret of his power.

He never lived to be established, neither in this world's events, or yet in events as righteous as Christ's Kingdom being established. Heaven was his home; and Heaven his goal. Was he

cowardly? that he wished to lay down his sword and go home; and rest. Nay; for only while thus praying and desiring was he qualified to execute the greatest work capable.

"To me to live is Christ and to die is gain." Readiness to die is preparation to live; and men ready to die are the ones whose lives are the salt of the earth.

The time has yet to come for Jesus to come, and whether Jimmy passes the vale of death, or whether he meets Him in the air; will be just one and the first resurrection will be his, of whom it says, "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection."

"Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord: And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children and the heart of the children to their fathers; lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

"And they removed by constant guidance, a pillar of fire by night, and a cloud by day."

So did Jimmy move when led by God; and stay, when God said stay; and should any say, "How did God lead, and how did God speak?" we are sure that one is as possible as the other; and the leading of Israel cannot be believed, and the fact that an individual is led be ignored. Jimmy was always strict in the necessity of God's leading. He believed, no man could preach God's Word unless led by God, and the Spirit's

guidance alone can make the word spoken effectual; and make it God's word.

He one day entered a church, and because the minister who was appointed to instruct for a week's mission, had given out that if the people had clean hearts would they stand, Jimmy sat still; and so did another; and because Jimmy sounded a "Praise God!" during the said official's address; he was in consequence addressed by God's weekly messenger, with the words, "What about you, friend, is your heart clean? You ought to have it so by the way you sounded just now." "God knows my heart," and sat still.

Thereafter the appointed minister, or the regular preacher that needed a week's revival, came to Jimmy and said, "Jimmy, that's a bad spirit;" and all because Jimmy "obeyed God and not men," and there's no rule that all a congregation should stand when a man cares to say stand; or, if such is the case, whence comes a man's freedom?

Thereupon Jimmy took his cross and came away; and if not led by the Spirit he shook the dust off his shoes; and the Spirit has never led him there at all since.

. . . . .

Singing women have done much good, and their voices frequently reach hard hearts, when another voice would be utterly inadequate. The

Gospel may be sung, as well as proclaimed, and preached by men; and the chances are that a song sung by a female voice can reach the heart of man, and for no reason but that his mother used to sing; and she revived when a songstress selected a very favorite that mother caroled, when the hard man lay near his mother away by the hills, and on a country house hearth. Jim had no room for female preachers, but women's voices would melt him whenever he heard them engage in praises to Jehovah. The incident previously described in relation to Jennie, his daughter, was incomplete; for that we made no reference to her as a sweet and very wonderful singer:—and has special charm in her voice when helping her father. There's no limit to her power in this direction; and it's hoped she will furnish many hearts with a word from God through her talent. Winter and summer, and from a child, she's known the same exposures as her papa, and no weather has kept her from being regularly at her post on the Lord's day; and more to say, she continues and with an accomplished sense that it's now her duty. God honors her for being so faithful, and for child service; surely, it's written, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

Song is heaven-born, a gift to man. If some one could but give me a minstrel I could write better. I long for music; I crave it. It's life-yielding, and Heaven would not be Heaven with-

out it. I get little and can account for depression; it is lack of song. Yesterday to me my tears were for its lack.

Music, souls can't live without it; he who cannot appreciate music cannot go to Heaven, for he has no soul. Well does it comply with the saying, that birds sing when they are sad, but sadness vanishes from their little lives after they have sung. Could they not sing they would have to weep; and birds not gifted to sing will find the rippling brooks and stand by stream harmony. How one longs for Heaven when music is so scarce!

Jimmy, knowing I was tired and that I was resting and, as he thought, sleeping, hushed his little boys, to show kindness to me; but this is how he did it. I heard someone singing aloud:

In the sweet by-and-by,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

I thereupon got up and sang bass, by way of accompaniment; and he was so full of glory that he made all sorts of disturbances; so, following this outburst, he said, "I couldn't help it, I had to sing. I stopped the boys making any noise, but there—I've made more myself."

These experiences are not anything but ordinary to him.

He went one day into a Christian man's manufacturing store, and they two, Jimmy and the master, prayed together, and in the office. Jimmy

says he was so filled that he couldn't contain his feelings, and snatched his hat and rushed out, to give vent in the street. He was a literal fire-brand.

He goes on to tell how that, visiting a church where he was first baptized with fire, and on his way home he sang and rejoiced and jumped and preached, to the amazement of those in the car. They thought he was drunk or beside himself; and so they did think of the Apostles.

His method was to sing with all the strength God gave him, and it wasn't bad singing when God gave him spirit;—to say the least, it was loud. It was not "mother's prayer." But,

All hail the power of Jesus' name,  
Let angels prostrate fall.

If Jimmy strained his voice he never lost it. It was not melodious, but penetrative; not charming, but it arrested the people.

It's a vain saying that you lose your voice if you don't take care of it; we have proved that people lose their voices because they don't use them.

A minister once said to a young fellow, "That's a good voice; you must take care of it." A lady, after many years of street brawling and very, very loud preaching by the same young man, said to her husband about him, "Oh! what a lovely voice." Take care to sing, and believe that of the voice it may be said, "He that would



save his voice shall lose it, but he that would lose his voice for My sake, the same shall find it." Jimmy complains of his side giving pain, and of his face having irritating pains; but his voice will echo here when Jimmy joins in Heaven's choir; at present it's strong and gives no signs of its ever going to fail.

"Jeremiah speaking from the mouth of the Lord" did not prove effectual in turning a king; and we cannot always judge the quality of a man's work by immediate results.

The preaching of our hero was from the mouth of the Lord, or it was nothing. A prophet indeed and in truth. Prophets have few friends, and so did Jimmy. Did he have many, he would have had those more able, ere this offering to write his life's story; but alas! they have not been forthcoming, and unless they come soon, Jimmy will have gone, and they not know it.

Jeremiah had his feet fast in the mud, yea, though "a prophet speaking from the mouth of the Lord;" and Jimmy stands where no very sedate personage, void of humility, could find him; he resides where all is mean, and the street very low, and the mud of Italy seems accumulating not far from the surroundings where Jimmy believes the Lord would time-being have him reside. "Put now these old cast clouts and rotten rags under thine armholes under the cords," said they to Jeremiah; and thus drew

they him out of the deep dungeon. Jimmy awaits the Saviour's admitting him within the Pearly gates; and only last night he said that he could see we were very near to the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. The Lord will finish his career with great glory, and Jimmy will join the host of Heaven, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. How much he loves to speak about the redeemed! Jimmy has had many prophets round him, who knew nothing, but that they believed Jimmy was too great for this world, and said that God would not let him suffer here very long.

Jimmy is ready, and wishes Jesus would come, and soon.

Quick as possible we hurry this work; for so many will buy it before it's printed. Quicker than ever we dreamt of must this book be completed; and Divine grace can alone press it forward, and finally close its pages.

It's drawing near the time when another feels weary of earth; and yet, many years he would work, and die, adoring Jimmy's Redeemer.

The Bible Jimmy gave me is closed, and mine lays open. They are both upon my bed, and the one open upon the pillow, the other shut and at the foot. It may mean little, it may mean less; it may mean much, it may mean more. But asking God to furnish these pages, I now behold the one, as it opens, and trust something may be inspiring, and reminding us of a few cir-

cumstances, more interesting than any yet given. It's enough! There's a highway into the field; and the proclamation may be a brief account. The day is at hand. We who have toiled shall toil not anymore again.

The "night is far spent," and watchmen cry, "The morning cometh."

It may be that the writer can go from his field of action to the field of rest, and be little lamented, his friends are few.

It may be many would mourn did God take Jimmy the highway into the field. But God is good and alarms us not, nor gives us any signs of our decline and decay. One neither knows of his beginning or the finishing. We know not by remembrance when we first saw the light. We know nothing much of our closing our eyes, never to wake. "Yet blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," and "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

His deeds would necessitate another volume, which may and may never be written. The one in hand characterizes his sayings and his manner of life; but actions are too weighty to be told and too immeasurable. A man can go out with a measuring line, with a view of measuring a city—and yet he cannot measure a single man. Jimmy cannot be measured. It's amazing how many understood him, at least they thought they did; but none can understand Jimmy and none can know him thoroughly. He's a man,

not an angel;—to be depended on, and not to be depended on. His word is always "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," and always subject to the word of James, "If the Lord will we will do this or that." I heard him criticize a religious community once, and all because they said what they would do, and what they could do, but never said, "God willing." "It makes me feel bad to hear such kind of thing," would be his oft-repeated alarm. He has said things to the writer that would have offended most men, but I still delight in my work, and spend many an hour watching Jimmy, and hearing his abuse. He never speaks to please, and was more severe with me after I began to write his life than ever he was before.

Now, I can stand little from the average man; but that man cannot offend me, try as he may. I once heard him pray like this: "O God, put us in the fire and make us one piece of iron!" and that's the only reason I never forsake him; God heard and answered him when he prayed, and now He cannot undo His prayer, and does not desire that we should be apart. I suppose we shall both weep, when I leave for England in July of next year. It's imminent, I am going. Yours heartily, "Jack Stidworthy."

My *nom-de-plume* is my half name. It's not to be inserted anywhere but here; and not to be printed anywhere, larger than the smallest word in this work.

Yes, Jimmy loves Jack, and Jack loves Jimmy, and if, when together, little can be appreciated by observers, then one thing is a reminder of Jesus' words, "Hereby shall men know that ye are My disciples if ye have love one for another." We never love in word, but in deed and in truth.

## CHAPTER XIV.

**J**IMMY has been obliged to visit his family doctor, and through continued pain at his side. Now, Christian doctors are the right kind, and our man has no aversion to doctors; no, none at all. It's surprising how many can dispense with doctors of medicine; and when they are afflicted they often resort to them. But let their surroundings be afflicted, they discourage the idea of their friends resorting to medical profession. It's a fact that one day Jimmy got scolded for going with his complaint to a doctor. The man that reprimanded was one whose religion was to succeed himself. I suppose he had more faith than Jimmy, or he would never have advised him to "trust in the Lord."

The people are not accomplishing much anyway. I often take suitable medicine; although, by God's grace, I have not resorted to a doctor since little more than a boy. I am grateful for that I have been so well, but because I don't need a doctor 'twould be absurd did I kill them. I see other people sometimes, and I advise a doctor being called, and believe a life can often depend on one's skill. It's absurd to discard common sense, and an insult to a man's reason to advocate doing nothing because we cannot do all. What doctor doesn't know that he can pre-

scribe medicine but cannot effect a cure? If a man is healed it's done by God, and by the instrumentality of a man. We know there are cases when a physician confesses a case beyond his ability, and then God shows the doctor, and patient, and friends, that what is impossible to man is possible with God.

Jimmy had a great story to tell during my call two evenings since. His doctor, who had the loan of this volume, was with a friend when James made a call, and to be again examined. The doctor saw him advance and called the attention of his friend to him with the words, "This man is a redeemed man." And thereupon the doctor went on to tell how great was Jimmy's experience; and he narrated very fully from the book which was so early read, with words to the effect that Jimmy was having his life written and well written. So, during the further scrutiny of Jimmy's complaint, the doctor gave him advice, to excite Jimmy's faith. "Suppose," said the doctor, "that you change your physician, as you say you are no better. Suppose you put yourself altogether in God's hands for, say, three days, and I believe He will cure you; at any rate," said the doctor, "give it a trial." And other things said go to prove that doctors are not infidels, or lacking in religion, or robbing their patients by acknowledging the cure to be God's.

James was not easily shaken, nor need he be;

for he furthered a great cause, and though he be, to use the exact similitude which he gave us to-night, "in the wilderness," nothing can shake him. Strange that I got down to his house this evening since I proposed writing and here in my own room. I heard it going full on the Cornet somewhere in the street, and Jimmy seemed to draw me, for it was the song that ever preceded his preaching when alone:

Why, sinners, will ye die,  
Since Jesus all can save?  
Salvation free for thee,  
Then Jesus now believe.

In Italian he sang it, and it went loud and arrested a good congregation. When I got down town, I found he had been already singing the above, and about the time of my hearing it played when so far away.

"You great big fool, you!" said a man in the market where Jimmy went about three o'clock this morning to purchase some fruit to retail where he still works for his piece of bread, "why don't you at this time go and speak for some political party? You are a good speaker; you could make a lot of money." "Yes, I know I could, but I want to work for my living," was Jimmy's rejoinder. The man had evidently heard him preach, but not very much, or he wouldn't have been anxious to push some sweet potatoes into Jimmy's hands which belonged not



to him, but his master. "No, no, I can't take them; you must not give away your master's property." "Oh," said the man, "I can take an apple out of one barrel, and out of another, and I take home some every night." "I tell you you've no right to do that sort of thing," added Jimmy. I don't know what kind of preaching is the best, but this is how Jimmy goes preaching from morn to eve.

He can be seen going into a large shop about midday where many are employed; and meeting the master's son one morning, as he placed his basket of fruit down, the son said to him, "Well, how do you feel this morning?" "I feel to praise the Lord," was Jimmy's prompt reply.

His disposition is very evenly balanced. He never seems irritated, and calmly submits in all phases; and never allows life or death to shake him, or to ruffle, even at all, his sound confidence in his God. I never knew a being so unmoved; nothing ever excited him. Ever subdued, and never in a fever. If he heard any sad news it was only to increase his praise. If he heard anything contrary to the things of most men, such as dull trade, or inclement weather, sickness and loss, it never marred his peace, or harrassed his soul. Peace like a river ever attended him.

I heard him say more than once, "I love my enemies." "But as I read our Lord's exhortation in that subject to-night, he never moved, nor even spoke. Not always hasty to justify himself,

or ready to raise himself, for he knows right well that "he who exalteth himself shall be abased, and he who humbleth himself shall be exalted."

The rest of Jimmy's acts are written down, we believe, in the books of Heaven.

He spoke often of the books of Heaven, and it's only fair to say now that he had his library: "The Word of God," "The Book of Life," in which he saw his name, as already given, and whatever books are admitted into Heaven, whether they are few or many. Yes, Jimmy's library is one whose door is God's Spirit, and the door of God's Kingdom, for he can read his name in the "Book of Life," and can read Jesus' name in "God's Word."

How many can see their names written there? And the reason Jimmy is such a giant in rejoicing is because he rejoices, and on scriptural foundation; hence our Lord's words, "Rejoice not that devils are subject unto you, but rejoice because your names are written in Heaven."

It occurs that Jimmy's name is mentioned too much, but on a consideration it impresses me; if I mentioned it less it would not be a book worthy of the title. The wonderful event is that Jimmy never has done rejoicing. A very sun; and his peering eyes are lesser lights, yet not less brilliant in the sun of his face. I cannot account for such exhaustless delight; there must be eternal depths and mines of joy where

Jimmy gets, not refilled therefrom, for he is never empty, never dry; tears and joy are spontaneous, and light all; for nothing glitters like a diamond tear, or sparkles like joy.

Jimmy's face is beautiful, though not good-looking. Its appearance is happy, though not cold, and beautifully shaped. He laughs, and you cannot see Jimmy, but behold Jesus. We said to him, at least, one of his friends, yesterday, "I can't be like you, you are always ——," and therewith shaking his hand, as a depressed Christian, he walked away. He laughs at storm, and, like Job's horse, he is emblematic of strength. Ha! is it not thus given, "The joy of the Lord is our strength"? Jimmy is a strong giant, and yet weak—a great and little man. I have seen great men exhibit great weakness. I cannot say this of Jimmy. I shall have to furnish a few of his weaknesses, that the record may be a true and unflattering one. There may be no more opportune a time than now. It's against our desire, but it must go down; and it's not a Christ we have to speak about, it's a man. A son of God through grace, but a son of man, not perfect as his Lord. Christ alone. No prophet, saint, martyr—only Christ. Then hail Him! and laud the Man Christ Jesus.

Jimmy was grievously persecuted by a gang who professed Socialism; but how social was patent to all, and their profession was more to hinder the good of humanity, judging from their

conduct. A tall fellow, about twenty-five years old, was a very dog in creating the most wicked interruptions; so, ultimately, our man lost all patience, and at last (for he bore with him about two years) had him arrested, and closed one meeting by marching off to the "station house" of a Sunday morning, and the said tall man in charge, led by a police. Jimmy frightened him, and the prison being shut, the man could not be then at once tried and sentenced. The tall man begged Jimmy that he would not lock him up, and Jimmy let him free, but not until he saw the station master secure the full address of the offender.

The time was that Jimmy also had a policeman to stand and keep watch while he preached—a thing not infrequent. But a man does not appoint a policeman except when he has doubts as to his power at any place where he preaches. God sending a man will furnish him, and help towards governing the police as well as a congregation. This caused not a little controversy between Jimmy and the author, who never much enjoys a meeting where policemen are scaring all thieves. Better have them under the convicting voice of God's message than under the supervision of the Government's representative. I ought to say that Jimmy did not believe in policemen much as necessary to help a man preach a greater Gospel than anything else in the world—it is only accounted for by saying, Jimmy lacked.

It may have been patience; it may have been power; it may have been strength. A weakness indeed, but one we have to record.

The man may have benefited, for he never troubles Jimmy any more. I sincerely wish this was the worst fault I am heir to. I fear, a book would be very uninviting to the general reader if I had as much written about me as I have written about James Meccia.

I find it very hard, but necessity is bearing upon me, and I will be true to my own sense of duty and be sincere. I cannot write onesided, and hope one day the people may know how wicked am I and how good the Redeemer. If raising Jesus sinks us, let us rejoice; remembering the words of him, great among men—John the Baptist said of Christ: "He must increase, but I must decrease."

Peter sat by the fire and warmed himself after denying Jesus, and ultimately he grew a great giant and preached tremendously. He, with Jimmy, forgot their griefs and wrongs in their consistent endeavor to exalt Jesus; and rather gloried in infirmity when it was the doorway for magnifying Christ. Yours to behold the mote which is in thine own eye.

There's a scripture now in view found in Proverbs, chapter twenty-three, the fourth verse, which says: "Labor not to be rich; cease from thine own wisdom."

Jimmy could reckon up the quality of a man

as accurately as the strictest analyst could. I could be in company with men much more learned, even greatly educated, that couldn't make me squirm; their scrutiny would not affect me anything, nor could they enter the soul to espy what Jimmy can; and what he can detect in any man he may meet. I never knew a thought-reader, but I know "Jesus knew what was in man and needed not that any should tell Him." Jimmy has this out of the ordinary gift, and let one be with him very long and Jimmy can take such a photograph of his man as will scare a gross who love darkness and will not come to the light. I'm not surprised that he has few friends. I'm able to understand it, in the light of a forsaken Saint who said, "All have forsaken me." And how many forsook Paul, "having loved this present world." Reader, beware, lest you grow wise in your own conceit and foolish in becoming rich. A rich man made Jimmy's acquaintance and purposed aiding him in what he regarded to be a great work; but how long did that rich man stand? "We had a rich man stand by us," says Jimmy, in a half-smiling, half-sarcastic manner, "but we lost him." A man sets out to run well, but what hinders? The many that have been going to do great things for the servant of the highest has never amounted to much. It was talk and not do. Jesus in the lip but not in the life. They had hope of the crown, but they have not yet taken the cross. Intellectual-

ism too, is as great a hindrance as wealth. Rich and clever people seem little use to God. I knew another who came again and again to Jimmy, and he was fairly well-to-do. It seemed that he was impressed to do something to aid Jimmy as God's servant; but he held back and now regrets his not having been true to his promptings.

I was speaking only lately about a man who, I said, was very famous as a soulwinner. "Who sends this man?" was the question, promptly put by Jimmy. Hesitating a moment, I moved that he was appointed by some society.

"That's enough," said Jimmy, "a man appointed by a man cannot preach the Gospel;" he is not a free man.

I admit it to be the case, and Jesus said, "If the Son shall make you free ye shall be free indeed." God doesn't admit anyone doing anything to aid His servants. "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister," and no man ever did anything for Christ, and certainly they can do little for those whom Christ sends.

The other day we had a baptismal service, and three were baptized in the river Hudson. Since then Jimmy, concerned about his wife and another of his converts, went to a minister to have them baptized, and because he was an English-speaking man, he recommended Jimmy to go to an Italian minister, which thing Jimmy did not, but came home, disgusted that a man should re-

fuse to baptize, being a minister of a baptizing church.

Jimmy doesn't believe in ministers, and denounces them all-ways. They are not faithful.

Orion was Jimmy's favorite star, and anything glittering reminded him of a sword. He could see things after this order at times, and never went into the street very courageous, unless God, as he said, showed him something, by which his strength and courage revived.

"I can see a sword, and I have it hold by the handle," would be a mighty source of encouragement to a mighty man. But sometimes it would be enough, and if in the absence of the sword he could see Christ. "I can see Jesus, and preaching to a great big congregation at Canal and Mulberry Streets, Jesus is over there already."

Thereupon he prepared with marvelous elasticity, and what he saw by revelation everyone saw in reality, on such an occasion; and Jimmy was frequently the instrument in God's hands. His word was with power. I remember one morning him saying to me, "You have to go and preach at Church and Canal Streets, for Jesus is over there already, and a great light there;" and how vigorous he was in this, by repeating the words and saying, "Now, don't you do anything but go; you go, if you get killed. Go."

He said, after our having gone and realizing a wonderful time, mostly preaching to Jews, "I felt like chasing you out of the house." Such



visions made him a flame of fire, and one or two after this order could do more towards rectifying a disordered world than all other professions. Jimmy had a very great determination to annihilate all hypocrisy. His sword was for hypocrites, and he used it, like a man, who left his message from God in the stomach of a king, and the haft, half buried, with the sword. God's message sometimes is wrath, as well as mercy. The preaching of love was almost distasteful to the man of God, and he said, frequently, "I got no love for this people—I take a sword and kill 'em." That preachers of love didn't know of what they talked of, was certainly his conviction. That their eyes were to please the women, not deal out manly principles to men, was Jimmy's conviction.

You cannot alter this man's views, or rob him of his convictions. They are right, and they grip him. There is more wisdom and knowledge centred in him, than any scholar ever told, and I have heard many. Knowledge a principle, and not a method; an entering the soul by God's grace, not the mind from the mind of others. Jimmy could give knowledge and speak wisely, and was not appreciated, but thrown out of the temple. The words were to the man that was born blind to whom Jesus gave light, "Thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach us?" Well, fools can come by wisdom.

But there are wise who must become fools, that they may be made wise. Hypocrites were merci-

lessly scourged. "Knowledge people" Jimmy called those who were great talkers. Their experience was all absent.

No one could satisfy him by talking; he needed a life as well as a sermon; and a sword with a handle. A Christian with an experience. To talk and have not, the worst falsehood. Such interrupted him; the result was they came in touch with our sword in question, and it sometimes cut them, and converted them from being enemies, and to being friends. One came one day and told him while preaching, of how much he knew, and told Jimmy to go to school and learn, but he put the man to flight, and by sound wisdom humbled the interrupter; while the people applauded. Since then the man puts himself under Jimmy and reverences him, and now has a silent tongue. I have met those who could give great religious expositions and all so accurate, that it's been wonderful how people could be such Christians. It happens they have not received any grace from God, and it's not heart work, but head knowledge. To-day I feel depressed and do not complain. I hope to be enlivened when I hear Jimmy sound a well-strung "praise God" on the ear of some, who care to sit at his feet. The privilege is not for everyone, or they would avail themselves of it. They have no liking, so Jimmy remains in the wilderness; only on some occasions we see him pinnacled "in heavenly places, and that by Christ Jesus."

Strange how we can write a volume about a man who knew nothing. For he ever said he knew nothing. And we believe he only knew anything as far as God showed him each moment. "God hath ordained weak things to confound the mighty, and things that are not to confound things that are." A blank is a blessing. A full mind needs emptying, to be again filled. Stale bread, or stale knowledge, is never attractive. To have news is to have the latest published, whether it be a weekly periodical or a divine revelation.

This was where Jimmy made things live. He was all life. He never knew to-day of what he preached yesterday, or cared at all for past records; it was to-morrow, and to-day, that occupied his thoughts.

Past midnight and Sunday has dawned before the sun, and a call on the subject of these few incidents may make us fresh to comment further about him.

You will be assured of satisfaction will you follow these comments to the end; it may be hard to reconcile one statement with another, but pray, be unbiased and the whole matter will be a good argument, and void of even slight contradiction.

## CHAPTER XV.

**F**AITH not impractical was his; and had he been a religious student, one would say he studied the practical epistle of his namesake as a special study.

Faith and works with him go hand in hand. "Show me your faith without your works and I will show you my faith by my works." Faith, not works, and works with faith.

"This is the work of God that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent." "He that receiveth you receiveth Me, and Him that receiveth Me receiveth Him that sent Me." Not a performance, but a work. A business, not a profession. A sacred business, not a materialistic engagement. I look to Heaven to be revived ere I can strike a cord of revival. It's a hard toil to attempt a life of a saint. It's a calling not small, and one that hurts and gnaws the soul. It tears a man, and afterwards yields him joy.

I can see Jimmy across the floor, and where he oft lies, and though not impoverished, for he has a bed yet. The floor where I sometimes lie of an hour when tired is a favorite couch to Jimmy. I often wonder when he asks God to humble him. There's a strange peculiarity about this associating with domestic quadrupeds. I've seen the cat behold us as much as to say, I don't belong where you do, and with a sense of adverse positions

being necessary, it would spring upon the chair. I have seen Jimmy of a Friday evening and lying across the doorway so that coming in the door would be a great difficulty. I have seen him again, and resting almost underneath the stove, as though he was a part of the dust and ashes swept under the grate. God can use Jimmy because he's so humble. One would regard his surroundings as sufficiently humble apart from his interceding for grace. The fact must be, or it's unaccountable any other way, that God can use a man, who has nothing and is nothing.

Providing a man be stocked with plenty, he grows ungrateful.

The time to rejoice is when we see Divine agency working on behalf of men. I could not see God's hand in my life with affluence; I saw it and blessed it when I became poor. I can see God's hand preparing honey when we have no bread, and ministering to Elijah when he had no hope of either drink or food. It's true, that God is above circumstances, and in a thousand ways He can meet His children's needs, and at a time when they cannot see a single way possible for their provision. In brief, let it be always borne in mind, that God can only use man's impossibilities as a channel of blessing and grace. His ability being infinite, can work miracles. His only opportunity is by the adversity and vicissitudes of men. I see little miraculous, and God can do little, because of unbelief.

People full and with plenty close God's hand, as "did full barrels stay the flow of oil under Elisha's hand." Whereas, no wine at the feast made a miracle possible to Jesus.

Men do so much there's no room left for God in which to show what power has been possible through our impossibilities.

God is not far and yet not manifested. He is here and not here, seen and not seen, great and not comprehended, subjecting himself, but not known. "He came unto His own, but His own received Him not." "God humbleth Himself to unfold the things that are in Heaven." Jimmy was all alive on coming in one day, and with these words he met us, "Can you tell me who is most humble?" "God," was the reply he gave us to his own question. It struck him that God walked and with men, who were great sinners, either to instruct, teach, guide or redeem; yea, He accompanied mortals when others would blush, were they seen in company with characters so base. Humility is a leading to usefulness in God's hand, and faith alone can instruct in the path of usefulness; and a man has faith only as far as he has humility.

Faith, then, is the possession of humble Jimmy, and all because he has grace, not to lie upon the floor, but to be in humble circumstances and not feel ashamed.

God bless him while he doses, and arouse him and benefit some who never weary of his accu-

rate truth, for that he walks with God in paths of unnotoriety and minus fame.

Wait and see. Patience has not been greatly a common gift. It's a great, but infrequent a grace. It's the possession of men great, and makes them very wise.

It's not all hurry that's good, and very likely to be enduring. It's possible to be at leisure, and during that leisure exercise patience that gives discretion.

Patience gives instruction; it employs the best means, and does a great work, well worthy of the name of God. Good comes to those who wait, and not evil. The mischief is wrought by impatience. "Wait" is so oft repeated in God's Word, and that because men are so utterly unable to wait. It needs commands and prohibitions as frequent or infrequent as will make a man observe the one or the other. "Wait," a hundred times addressed, cannot prevent or command a man who has no patience. Inability to wait is a token that faith is also absent. Patience and faith are necessary to each.

Jimmy has an intricate case in hand just at this moment. He has been thrown in contact with a house where enchantments are more or less in vogue. This will be a bomb amongst such association, that is, Jimmy's associating himself with this said house. He has a man not imbibed with seductive and pernicious doctrines, and yet there's absolute necessity for his being wrenched from

his sneaking regard for what savors of sin, and leading to sorrow, Satan and death.

Spiritualism for some time is in the ascendancy. I have blown fire over it, and "suffer not a witch to live." If it's wrong to kill a witch it's wrong to kill a man who does anything else that's opposed to God's laws. I have no room for fortune-telling, which is a shoot of the wicked one, and such as mutter and peep; and spiritualism is a form of witchcraft, insomuch that the witch of Endor called up God's prophet from his grave.

There's much wrong in being curious to analyse these inventions spiritual and not conforming to our Lord and Saviour Jesus. There's no spirit apart from the Holy Ghost, which is of God, and no medium apart from Jesus Christ; and whatever may be done of a spiritual order and not reconcilable to the name of God's Son, we condemn and expose as fanatical, misleading and of the devil. Take the thousands who are wrecks because of giving themselves up to seducing spirits. Seek not enchantments.

Of one thing we are assured, and that Jimmy can frustrate all hell with the great prevailing name Jesus Christ, the Son of God. There's no man or angel can frustrate Jimmy in propagating the Gospel of Christ, and ousting all evil spirits in the power of the Holy Ghost.

We broke bread, to observe Jesus' express wish in remembrance of His love, and continue this ordinance every last Sunday of every month.



Jimmy always hands the tokens of mercy to those who commune with their Lord.

Last evening we saw great manifestations, coincident with this sweet service. It was from kneeling Jimmy rose quick as light and came by a very clean white cloth, certainly proper, and spread it over the prepared bread and covered the wine, thereupon one or two prayed and others sang a verse of their choosing, before Jimmy passed from one to another with the representative body of our Lord.

Then after a prayer he followed with the cup, representing the blood that was shed for many. A most simple ceremony and one very impressive. Our funds are small, but our church is rich, and with grace so manifoldly furnished in desiring the execution of God's commands and desires for those who believe on His Son.

Our collections are made among our small number of members; and it's "a church in a house," and scriptural a basis for its formation. We collect by placing a cup in the centre of the table that anyone who has a desire may place therein. No begging, no fearing, no poverty.

Jimmy's faith is adhesive. He furthers his cause with great tenacity of purpose. Faith is a clinging to Christ, a seeking to lay hold of the Saviour. He was concerned often about this matter, and longed to be nearer, and to hold Christ with every namable power. I've never known another set himself so resolutely on ap-

prehending Christ. He never ceased his longing, and never will. Faith is a clinging to Christ's cross—no definition can be adequate, and that's why we are slow to say what it is; many can make it a subject of many orations.

Faith performed is better than theoretical. Faith is only a name if not put into works. Faith, as says Jimmy, is having a thing and gripping it, never letting go. Now, faith in Christ may be different to any other kind—it's to have, says Jimmy, our minds, and thoughts, and eyes always on Christ. He never has anything else in view, for he talks nothing else.

Christ with him is "all and in all." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Surely, Jimmy has Jesus at heart, or he could never have Him so consistently in his mouth. "He that confesseth Me before men I will also confess before My Father which is in Heaven."

This is a great joy to Jimmy, and if anyone confesses Jesus all the day and in every way, it's our hero. He must be positively happy for no other reason than that he confesses Jesus all the time, and God blesses him, and anoints him with joy, because of his readiness to own his Lord.

Assiduously he clings to Christ; he never slackens. I never knew him tire. He will work from morn till night and preach to as many as care to listen all night. He never gives in; never wearies. The name of Jesus keeps him bright,

and his eyes only close when there's none to make him happy in proclaiming the Saviour. One will be great enough a congregation, if he only has some faint interest in Divine realities. I've known Jimmy get up at four o'clock in the morning and be awake at twelve in the evening. He would say sometimes then, "Don't you go if you feel you are not through waiting upon God. Sit down a little while longer." I obey His voice, and it's very nearly God's voice to me at times. I only admit being led by men who I prove to be divinely led.

It's great wealth to be attending one like Jimmy so constantly. I would rather visit him than anyone. I have similar ambitions and resort to his abode that my own hopes may be strengthened, and that I may be enabled to battle my way to the cross. So great a divider of the ways that mark out a child's entrance in Heaven. If I knew nothing, if I never had been tied by human methods, and made to attend human and materialistic customs, I think, I, too, would be a better Christian, and a better follower of God's beloved Son.

Jimmy is all plain and not tied with a custom, no, not even a namable one. I never knew a plain man in such a plain path, or one so untaught, yet so soundly instructed. Never knew anybody so grossly regardless, nor anyone so profoundly correct.

"A living epistle, known and read of all men."

A free man. A Christ's man. It's these superfluous customs that make us utterly unable to further a career like our hero. He never was with big folks and never longs to be; he rather longs to be where God shows Himself, and God only manifests Himself to the humble, and makes known His ways to those that are meek.

Jimmy's faith is of such a character that you feel the Divine presence directly you enter where he prays. I can give the most stirring testimonies to prove this. A man, and sometimes many, followed him after his preaching. Entering his house one would say, "This is the church," when another would behold a white pigeon flying. The atmosphere was as heaven below. There was a subduing influence resting on Jimmy's home. Men could only be good when sitting in this little room. If they never called again they never forgot calling, though it may have been only once. I had a brother cross the sea and he called upon me on his way through to Canada. How rapt was his attention, and how careful to be good! I saw him kneel, and he arose not as he was before kneeling.

Define these pages and make no reckoning of God? Scan these lines and doubt God's existence? Behold this man and question there being a Redeemer? Then blindness and wretchedness, then darkness and despair. Cease to believe there's any truth and the daydawn will cause you to see it's all every word true.

Worms shall eat them, and if generations come ere Christ comes, men will be born and will have gone. Jimmy will live when others not yet born will be dead. "I will cause thy name to be remembered in all generations." He has immortalized himself and by the fact of Christ's life within. "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me."

You cannot destroy the memory of a man of God, nor keep green the name of an infidel. They die and are not, for God is without those who fear not Him; whereas His children are ever fresh in the thoughts of all. Jimmy will be better known when called away than he is now, and that even here. His going to Heaven will be the beginning of his fame in the earth.

With this man the Almighty can make the earth tremble. Then go ye to the humble; maintain their faith, and your fame will ever endure. Of one thing we must be careful to mention, and, that Jimmy always took off his shoes, never wore his shoes or anything but his socks when in the house. This may have been coincident with his holy walk with *Deo*; for it was ever made sacred to saints, what words were addressed to Moses: "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

He was as full of grace as any college man; and no grace man-taught, can be graceful apart from God instilled and imbibed by faith. "The

law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Jimmy was graceful. He learned of Christ. He was gentle. I believe him to be a man after God's own heart.

It's growing harder to write this book, and simply because Jimmy's experience grows deeper every day, and more godly every hour. When one puts their hand to draw a good man their own penciling makes them ashamed.

If I had to write my own life I could only write the bad, and for the simple reason I don't see much, if anything, that's good. If my writing goes on I don't know how bad I shall grow.

## CHAPTER XVI.

**H** OPE sustains Jimmy. Faith and hope combined, his strong tower. "I'll believe to the last day of my life," are words never any man's in the sense they are Jimmy's. I've heard from his lips what no man ever has nor ever will. We have our secrets, nor can they be marked down in this book, but mayhap that they are marked down in the book of remembrance in realms above. I have heard things expressed by Jimmy that he declares to be God's promise to him; and he believes they will be actualized by him before he dies. He may be regarded extreme, but nay, he believes all things to be possible and nothing impossible with Jehovah. Hope has a strong part in Jimmy's expectant life; he is full of it. Never relaxes his grip, and hopes more when times are dark, for nothing that is seen can be a part of hope. "If we hope for that we see not then do we with patience wait for it." We hope, but hope not as does our prophet. He doesn't hope and expect not. He has cause to believe that a thing will come to pass, and he so sets himself to apprehending it that hope brings it to pass.

If Jimmy sets his mind to a thing it's not going to slip, for he's resolute and hopes against hope. Faith never gets defeated. Hope never discourages one that uses it. Hope is faithful

to its children and rewards them, if they but employ hope.

"Hope maketh not ashamed." She will handsomely recompense those who lay hold of her, and make themselves faithful in hoping, as hope is to reward. Yours to lay hold of this great champion hand of hope; she's sure to reward. You would do well to copy Jimmy in this, for he outstrips all, and wins all, for his optimistic hope.

Yours to lay hold of the hope that's real, and not that flippant thing called hope, which is, alas, only a passing and weblike wish. Hope! hope! hope!

Faith is seen with every new glimpse we have of Jimmy. He grows rapidly. He mellows daily. How much is left for him to receive we don't know; but certainly he comes by repeated greatnesses. Great men are not great by halves. His greatness is very nearly complete.

I never knew a man assert so much which is not unreal. He is not guilty of presumption, nor does he wrong; nor does he only pretend. No, he is a real man—not a shadow of insincerity in all his being. He looks ahead, and gets by all he desires. He has a charm which, it seems, that Heaven cannot resist. He wills and it's executed. He is no supplanter, but a qualifier for great callings.

He never doubts. His atmosphere is faith; he believes and receives. He expects and comes



by the greatest to be received. He's a great appropriator.

He's never slow to take all that may be his; by any lawful means he makes his claim.

Appropriative faith. This seems unscriptural, but for want of a better term we say, faith that appropriates all: it's to apprehend and make it the property of him who believes.

Jimmy would never appropriate what was never his. But he has some subtle manner by which he pleads and says, "God got to give me a dress of fire." He ever rejoiced in God's law and was almost wrath with those who did not keep it. For the man who gave not thanks was a thief. The man who professed infidelity he would scold; yea, more, he would say, "You great big thief you, you say there's no God!" knowing by their very profession they were ungrateful, knowing by their great wickedness that they never were thankful.

He who gave God thanks did what was his duty, whereas he who gave no expressions of gratitude to Jehovah was unthankful and unfit to live.

A day was when a man came over to his stand and began to curse for that it rained; he was then purchasing some fruit for himself. Thereupon our Jimmy called his attention to a few lovely bunches of grapes; he said at each consideration of each bunch, "Look there, what the rain did!" He taught this wretch what he was

silent to hear, and "Jimmy expounded that the rain brought food, and proved also that the rain made him grow." After devouring his purchase he walked silently away. Yours to be thankful, mine too; give thanks at all times.

This brings to our minds that Jimmy is obese. He is corpulent, very. It's astonishing how active a man can be even when so fat and robust. Stout and strong; I don't think he fasts often. He doesn't believe much in it. I once heard him preach in the afternoon of a day given, when we baptized three men and returned to Canal and Mulberry Streets to preach. He had only very slight refreshments in the early morning, and preached about four p. m., having had no dinner. I must say he never preached so well in his whole career as did Jimmy on the day when he fasted. I don't want to say much on the subject; I only say that prayer and fasting is in the Christian faith, and is bound in the book concerning our Testator. Jimmy waits for God to call upon him before he can see clearly that fasting is at all necessary.

Fasting;—Christians all should try it; it's not dangerous, it's good. I would advise giving that saved to some needy or deserving. Fasting can be very great a means for good; good for the body and specially good, too, on behalf of the soul. Fast, to save a doctor's bill, and to help somebody more hungry. Grow, not get obese.

It's not a thing to be despised to see anyone

corpulent; it's not at any rate a mark of gluttony. It's constitutional very largely, and one can flourish where another can starve. Jimmy won't live to be more than twelve years older. Let me be quite safe in my prophecy, and add, not twelve years more than being a hundred years old. He has symptoms of passing suddenly. Short-necked folks give little warning, and yet they have lived to be old no less because of necessitating a collar very high, for that a narrow one was high, and is for Jimmy. He has no pride in respect of collars, and yet a little neat bow, not always black, becomes him.

I'm slow to say anything about Jimmy's great wife; great in kindness, great in proportion to Jimmy, she being a little taller, and is a very fine type of an Italian country woman. You never met such a woman—quiet and wise. She's furnished Jimmy when he has been void of another's aid.

It's astounding what things are wrought by God. 'Twould be superfluous to state again what has already been referred to, but we must, ere going on, narrate what a pattern Jimmy's wife is to all women living near and about her. She's as great a light as can at any time be found. She preaches by a beautiful life; most devoted to her husband, whom she loves much. This much to give honor to a wise woman and show a good wife to be reckoned with a husband's life story.

She would resort to make confession to the priest, just to show Jimmy she disregarded his new faith; and Jimmy soon prayed her to pray with him. She's very wise in helping to dispel Jimmy's inquirers' doubts. One thing we must assert, that is, she's as great in her judgment as Jimmy, and can give great wisdom in speech. But to make our book not too extensive it must suffice to have given his wife so much space. She has her place in the world and fills it right loyally; fills it uniquely; fills it with honor.

Buffoonery is absent from their home, and yet, to say it's dull would be gross wrong. I never laughed more than with this happy, sunshine family. It's been my choice medicine. For the most part you can see everyone smiling, sweetly happy, and jovial with simplicity. It's beautiful to mark how all join in enjoying the same thing; conversation is bright, and sometimes witty. I'm happy to be so much with such a heavenly family.

## CHAPTER XVII.

**T**URNING from the bright to the more telling and from playtime to toiling, we insert to follow accurately our argument regarding the kind of man Jimmy is in using that great champion piece of armory called faith. Faith must be associated with him all through, and God gracing the author of so great a life it must be so.

Now faith was the particular attribute of Elijah. Faith was the secret of his power. No man outstrips this giant; he excelled, and does still. Faith was Jimmy's, and he believed God would give him the spirit of Elijah. I've great cause to insert that he was not so vain as to say he was what so many call themselves—Elijah III. He was not vain, and not foolish and not absurd, and not false. I never knew what I know now, and I have reason to say that if Elijah is manifested he is manifested in James Meccia.

I don't call him **E**lijah, I call him Jimmy.

If you, reader, will follow me in this and with fairness, you may see that nothing incorrect will be penned, or anything that violates scripture.

Now John the Baptist was to go before Christ in the spirit and power of Elijah. But he was not Elijah. He said so. He took upon himself only that God imposed. He said, "I am the voice

of one crying in the wilderness." From another aspect he was Elijah, for what constitutes an Elijah is to have his mantle, a token of power, and emblematic of fire, or else of Spirit. It may be associated with storm.

It was eloquent what Elijah figured in when there was an earthquake, a wind, a fire,—still more eloquent;—the still, small voice which God was in.

John the Baptist was Elijah, who amply fulfilled Elijah's mission, but John's Lord not being received must be yet received, and the usherer may be another man and it may be Jimmy.

The Lord's coming was surely his great subject, and he would travel long distances to preach it and would say to a single man, "God sent me to tell you that Jesus will come soon."

He believed often while praying that Jesus may come at any moment. "I see the heavens open," would be words not once spoken but often. The house had no roof apparently except that Jimmy could gaze right through it with an eagle's eye.

He would dare anything in view of the return of his Lord.

James is quick and ever ready to apprehend a matter. He's quick in maintaining an idea and sometimes, though compelled to acknowledge that he doesn't understand, it's not long ere he will find room for anything proffered, providing it's at all worth a place and his consideration.

Jimmy has as much confidence as anyone, and would not hesitate to believe anything that was told him; providing it did not clash with his own sense of truth, and what may be termed spiritual judgment.

If I said that God revealed me a thing he would be ever impatient to hear what it was; if I heard him say that God had showed him anything, I would almost tremble for fear God had showed him something which I would not like anyone but God know.

God does not reveal secrets, and makes no practice in betraying His children. He hides and covers; He doesn't justify one to condemn another.

I often think of our error in company with one another; we would contend very warmly at intervals, and would, for the most part, be right, both of us. The trouble was a little narrowness of outlook; and whereas, one could further his own idea, the other would further his: but more explicit, did we say conviction, for convictions may be adverse and be right. It would end well after much debate, and almost nearing a space of suspended joy. Jimmy would ultimately say a "Praise God!" and then all would vanish, specially if I added "Amen!"

I've known him test people by this very blessed practice. "Praise God!" would take the breath away of some people, and they didn't care for too many "Praise Gods."

The introductions he had from one to another would be almost bewildering. If a friend of Jimmy's met him, and in company with another he would say, "Do you know Jimmy? He's a servant of God," "Praise God!" or "Praise the Lord!" would be Jimmy's mode of expressing his pleasure in making another friend. A gentleman met him on one occasion, and, turning to a lady then with him, he added, "Have you ever met Jimmy? He's got something, this man." Ah! the man who expressed these words had something, too, viz., good sense. For nothing could be so stupid for people when talking to Jimmy, to say, "Yes, Jimmy, I understand, and I understand."

In short, they understood nothing, but treated him as simple, and when they might have learned wisdom, did they but acknowledge how little they understood. He could instruct, did they but know that they knew not. It occurs to me to announce how in our contention Jimmy and I would not square well, until we said, "Now we are all wrong; we are waiting for God to justify one, and expose the other." God, loving two children equally, has no little concern when one is getting over, or getting the best of the other. Now, nonessentials are the cause of contention, and they arise from pride; and never do we remember what rebuke Christ gave His disciples, nor what was involved, when He showed them what washing one anothers' feet



did mean. The word of God must have sufficient say, and we exclude, if possible, our own commenting on the career of a man greatly beloved.

How much need be added, God alone be judge. 'Tis enough to write as I feel guided. I lay no claim to verbal inspiration, or write by method or plan.

True, I enjoy that written, for it's so much sacred; not a pastime, but an eternal benefit, both to writer and to believing reader.

It's largely a blind work no less, and only eventful an one; it's not great but prefaced as incidental.

If Jimmy is not Elijah he does Elijah's work. He slays all the priests. I once heard of a member or associate of a Catholic Church coming to him and saying, "The priest calls down fire from Heaven and asks God to burn you street preachers all to cinders." Jimmy then added, "You go and tell the priest that we pray for him." But no priest could stand to hear Jimmy's vindictives, or show his face when Jimmy was charged, and when he wielded a sword all furbished. The judgments of God are all manifest, and no Elijah could do more than is being done; for God allows no man since Christ to wing the flame from Heaven. "Christ came not to destroy but to save men's lives."

Now Jimmy goes the whole length, and gives words of great penetrative a character; he talks

about killing people and he does ; and about cutting their heads off and he does. And all he uses to devastate sin is to proclaim God's Word which says, "I have hewed them by My prophets," and, "What escapes Jehu shall Elisha slay." The tolling of the Catholic bell would aggravate Jimmy, and he would seek God with dreadful and fiery prayer, "God, stop that devil's bell!"

The Pope was hell's chief ; the priest one counted to be slaughtered. Since Jimmy made all these things heard amidst tons of Catholics, he must have them printed and combined in his life. Here is his courage, and here is his zeal, and here "the angel of the Lord encampeth round about him."

"You people can't preach against the Catholics," would be his word of rebuke to Church people in Protestant communities ; "if you did you would get killed, for you have no power from God." His words to hypocrites, who made great profession, were scathing and alarming, for against the power of his words no man could stand. The house of hypocrites as well as the house of the wild ass God will make a wilderness.

There's awful hypocrisy to-day, and loud professors are great hypocrites. Be modest, be plain, be simple. Be wise and give no high-sounding cymbal a blow till you have found your way to the cross. When there we shall only hear

one cry, and that will be humble an one, something like the publican's prayer or Wesley's song,

Can my God His wrath forbear,  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

"The waters were hid as with a stone." Twelve months since Jimmy cried out from between his hands and kneeling, "Brother, I can see a new pair of shoes for you in your country; they wait over there for you." Then I had no thoughts of visiting England during July of 1907; since that he says he can see me over there preaching, and even saw the little cottage where, D. V., I hope to reside, a place named "Gullett," Southpool Creek, Kingsbridge, Devonshire—the neighborhood of my boyhood.

"I can see it," said he, "a house close by the water, and trees and long grass all round the sides of it." The curtains are spread without my window, and appear to be as near the window of my room as they are Heaven's vestibule. They are a rich, deep blue and near Royal. The color is too lovely for words, and the eye can alone enjoy the hue; the mind knows not, and only can say, Behold!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

NOW unto Him that keeps us, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, let us yield—

Praise God from whom all blessings flow,  
Praise Him all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

God looks for gratitude and sometimes finds it.

The Saviour was not unconcerned that only one of ten lepers returned to give thanks. The Lord will give, for that He delighteth thus; but how great His pleasure when we yield praise to His name, none can well know.

God looks not gluttonously, or is he pacified because men praise. But one thing is patent to all, and no man praises Him whose life is not righteous and consistent with Divine claims of justice.

A righteous man we see to be a happy man, and he that loveth mercy and followeth justice with all.

Jimmy would not be so interesting if bereft of a grateful soul, a thankful heart. Jimmy never sheds tears so much as when God shows him how good he is to him, and never weeps as much as when he weeps with joy. Gratitude to God, thanks to His great name!

I never knew a happy man to be a weak one.

If a man can laugh he can work. Rob men of joy and you rob yourselves of good service, which would be yours did you employ men to labor in your concern. Men are not to be denounced for getting wealthy so much as they are to be condemned for being positively ungrateful, despite the quality and amount of service they have rendered.

They grow as ungrateful as they grow rich, a thing that condemns more than we know. Oh! how vile a thing to be unthankful!

## CHAPTER XIX.

**J**IMMY will shine when earth's greater light will have run his course and completed its last round. It's great, but a man can endure and longer than a sun which has endured for thousands of years.

A glory gilds the sacred page,  
Majestic, like the sun.  
It gives a light to every age;  
It gives, but borrows none.

And so do all who make God's word their light.

The time will be and now is when men will grow light and brighter.

The time has been and still remains for men to distinguish themselves in the words of Scripture, "So let all Thine enemies perish, O Lord, but let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

Mockers end their life and so they go down to death and ill-fame. The righteous are not so, and men are dumb when a saint breathes his last and is taken "by the highway into the field."

A man God sent can be a greater power in death than life. Samson slew more in his death than in his life. Samson knew it was going to be his sport. They put out his eyes and taunted a blind giant and mocked him. Fun was great, but men who make a giant their sport will be in a sorry plight when such an one awakes.

I never knew a God-sent man whose blood did not torment the men who revolted and were not subject to his command.

Time will yet show what things are wrought, both against and for a man of God. 'Tis true that a man suffering will be a great cause of condemnation for those who cause his suffering. God will devastate all wealth and defame all ungodly honor, and defend the cause of His saints and justify His man.

The law may be great and is, God making it, but he who keeps God's law is greater than the man who makes laws for a nation. Good men govern, and were it not for such we should have no law; for law is made, however much questioned, and for the express purpose of defending the man good.

The nation which respects not God's law will have its own laws torn from its own walls; and he fitted to do it is the one who makes a law to be kept wherein it suffers conformity to the law of Jimmy's God.

If a man came for Jimmy's "Preaching Permit" and he actually kept the law, for why I suppose he knew; personally I don't. A man should not depend on a material law granting a license to preach a Gospel that endures longer than the sun, whose own self registers a thousand generations which may pass, and leaves no mark on any dial that cannot be obscured.

Yours to burn all permits to preach.

I had none and never will; I can die in silence. I am as independent of a nation as they are of me. Stop a message from God and you put your own nation, did you know it and even its honorable records, against the curb.

"Command and I'll obey." It's not at all likely that any man God sends will go to a man to know if he can be allowed to speak on behalf of God. True it is, that our man offers peace, and whatever is said about him coming by preaching permits, is no reason for saying that he would not dare to preach without any. "I'm free" would be his word to any one who thought it not becoming that he should preach any more. If he had a permit taken away he would preach just the same. If he was forbidden to preach without such a license, his own words are, "I'd go up on the roof and preach." Of course he would, for a man God sends opens his mouth, and if another mouth be opened beneath the chin as well as above, that man would preach from two gaping mouths. So let no man go for preaching permits, for no man needs any except that one given by God which is God's permit—God's command. Yours to seek God's permit and keep silent until you get one, and when God sends you don't ask a man to allow you to preach again.

I know why he goes to the Alderman to get a preaching permit. I am going myself.



## CHAPTER XX.

“**W**HATSOEVER passeth through the paths of the seas.” There’s many paths and not less than seven seas. There are many masts and many torpedoes. They each fly over the seas and with great velocity. There’s no more subtle an engine for destroying than the torpedo, nor none more awful when it explodes.

The matter before us is to see how much can be done, which can go far to undermine any wrongs, whether individual or collective; whether of a man or a nation. There’s no good acquired if we moan, for faith is a spur to do: Believe and act. It’s much considered now as to what can be done which will enliven every department, both commercial, social, educational and spiritual. Certain it is that a revival is essential, and ere it comes to pass no good can ever be acquired. Why doesn’t it begin, and where, when and how? It’s been prayed for; it’s been sought for: but it’s not forthcoming. It’s necessary; why has it been so long delayed?

We give a few striking causes, and those Jimmy’s eyes have been opened to see, and if he has not told us them we know them none the less.

There’s hypocrisy that wants crushing, and refinement unreal that wants violating. There’s

pride to be demolished; which things are prevalent and actually conversant, with church goers and church members.

"Be not proud," but alas! it's seen all day. It's been seen when nothing need be seen but Christ. If it's essential to write what is both destructive and uncompromising we do it. It's no good writing and avoiding truth. Indeed, there's no truth held out in our midst much to-day. It would be well, at this election 1906, if we just preached to Aldermen. The reason there's so much falsehood everywhere is because the basis of political government is all too unreal. It's no good to further a cause which is false, or propagating terms which cannot be reconcilable to God's oracle.

I'm concerned about my city. And why? I can clearly relate. It's not any good to pretend doing God's will; for men alone are concerned and God's will never admitted, never counted, never engaged, never sought. It's high time some bomb was thrown of more weight than that of anarchy. Let men who are willing do a bit of suffering and thus preserve your State.

How can rebels be crushed but by freedom of voice and freedom of action? When God speaks who will not fear? The Lord God speaking, none can but prophesy.

"Ye stand upon your sword," a word too frequently true. If applied well it would give no rest. You may depend on a sword being neces-

sary, yea, many. It's all too clear it's only an ornament. It's been hammered on the anvil and made suitable to show. It's not of that order when men made their sword and for use.

It's been pricking some and already they have come to believe that they have swords to be made serviceable, and to be used in freedom's name.

What can be done by me for a huge nation? Yea, more, for a huge world? Yea, still more, for a great God? Do His will, and do it with courage. Do it, but find out, in the first case, what it is He would have you do. Get enthused, not cranky. Get God-inspired, not intoxicated with world fever, and madly opposed to God's will by employing material or worked-up enthusiasm. Get charged, not qualify to be discharged; get employed, not work void of engagement. So many are doing badly, because they do anything.

How active men are and how ready to do something, and yet they should be still and know they cannot do anything.

It's so much a cause of sorrow to see unfitted mortals supplanting the fittest, and doing what it takes others many years to undo.

To do a wrong thing is bad when sometimes to do nothing is good. For waiting for a suitable season is preparation for working when that season comes. Yours to secure the best means of employment, and yours to lay hold of

what opportunity comes, but be ready to strike when your enemy shows himself. Be also ready to let live what is not detrimental to the world.

Be never in haste, and never too slow; always ready, but never incapacitated through hurrying. Be instant in season; be vigilant; be ready.

There's opportunities for everyone, and they are offered, but do men seize them? Not often; not too frequently. The world needs men, and God will send them, and men of soldierly shape and everyone carrying a sword.

There's a sword which is sharper than that with two edges. It's God's Word, and it has to be published.

Men don't herald it, they only pretend to do so; they don't command, they succumb to every whim of fancy. They are not God-sent, and therefore cannot do much; they can do nothing. The man to wield God's word must be no cripple, no undergraduate; he must needs be guided by all strengthening support. His word must be forgotten and God's ever instilled. It's with me to preach some day.

Jimmy has been preaching, but somebody must soon take his place; and if they can get his sword as a legacy, or his zeal as a cloak, and the God of Elijah for the dividing of Jordan, it's very probable yet that something will give way and break before such equipment as God gives to those He sends—God's Word and command.

I've known men govern by that, and one with a charge of this kind can fix the world, or turn it and revolve it against its present course.

Yours to stand for God, but don't proceed unless He calls. Pray, reader; only learn to wait. Better be silent than speak unadvisedly. Better be still than proceed with no charge.

Dead bodies can do little but chase men, and if we want men held in tact there must be live bodies. Not so much gainseekers, not falsehood, but what is, alas! too uncommon, viz., truth. Yours, friend, to go from this field of battle and never show your face any more.

I bid my reader adieu.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**T**URNING to our hero, he came up to see me on Saturday, last week, and walked in front of me where I labored. I don't know what brought him, for he never appeared just like that at any time till now. He said, as I showed my customer some goods, "I don't know what I've come for," but for some reason "he knew the Lord had sent him." I dispatched him to wait outside for me, and when I met him he told me his latest case of Divine revelation.

On Friday evening he called, as was supposed, to see the doctor; and after a few minutes' waiting he declared that the doctor would not be there that evening, and thereupon advised the anxious, waiting visitors and patients to go home, taking his own hat and leaving to set an example. The next day he called and said, "Doctor, you weren't here last night."

"No, I didn't come home during the whole night," rejoined the doctor.

Then Jimmy told him the Lord told him he wouldn't be there that night. So that excited the doctor's inquiry as to how the Lord spoke to him. It's hard to explain such a thing to one to whom God does never speak.

He slept with me until four a. m. Sunday, and

then declared God showed him a broom in his hands wherewith he swept men all about on the same day while preaching in his own church, full of great fame.

I heard him for about two hours, and there was but little intermission except a prayer and a song, just occasionally.

I suppose he was aggravated e'er through by a representative of our Government asking him if he had a permit (strange that the same man stood for about one and a half hours before asking such a question); Jimmy knew this, and replied, "Can't you wait until I'm through?"

"No, I can't," was the reply.

So Jimmy found his permit.

I heard another man preaching not far from where Jimmy stood a little later, and the same policeman order him as if he was speaking to some Greek selling peanuts in the park.

No respect for God's messenger made noticeable, and the youth, knowing the law, went a little into the street, but not without a preaching license. He was stubborn because of the man that didn't respect him. So, standing in the gutter by the curb, he said to the police, "Now then, sir, I stand where I have right to stand, without a permit; and you can shift the people. But don't put your hand on me; for if you do, you are doomed."

This made a greater crowd, but the youth never moved neither lip nor frame. This to

show how much a man is respected when he doesn't preach in a cathedral; but Christ never did, and He was greater than all that ever preached.

It's the same with the servant as with his Lord; they get co-equal disregard. There was a great famine of preaching when Samuel was called; there was no open vision. If God is not taken into account He will not honor any policy. If God is despised He also will despise. Give Him honor ere too late, that He may also honor, which thing God delighteth to do.

Jimmy bought a pair of black woolen gloves when calling to see me; and he, taking off his collar to go to bed was heard to say, "Thank God for clean collar." He would bless God a thousand times when calling on me, and he called about three or four times only, all told. "Bless the Lord!" would almost be with every breath.

It's about time he knelt before retiring to rest, and I feel sure he prays for me every time he prays when I'm absent.

To-morrow I hope to find him rejoicing with some new story to tell, something very precious to those who love Jimmy's Lord.

I'll bid my reader good night.

Jimmy looks well to-day; among "the fat and the strong." He watches his little stand with as much care as his God watches His children; I suppose, not quite so much, for God watches as none other can.



It's been with him to say little on to-day's interview. I hoped for something very noteworthy, but am obliged to curtail my hopes and abbreviate my writing. I know other things must follow, and shall be glad if they follow soon, in haste, to see this volume published and put into the hands of thinking, devout folks.

He did say just now that he heard me say, "Bless the Lord!" I thought it worth remarking that he added, "Amen!" and thereupon rejoiced.

God is as welcome at Jimmy's house when his wife washes as at any other time. It's very noteworthy how very blessed a peace rests upon this little Bethel. It's no good to apologize for paying a visit on such a busy day, for that would be enough to finish washing and turn it into a prayer meeting straight away.

I've just been asked if I have eaten anything; there's welcome on washing day.

Thou whose hand thus far hath led me,  
Wheresoe'er my path may be,  
Lord, I pray that Thou wilt ever  
Draw, and keep me near to Thee.

Jimmy remarked, too, that he felt far away from God both yesterday and to-day. Did you see him some days you would wonder why God even saved him. He's a marvel of God's notice. I think God sees as being precious what men would kick aside as being utterly useless. Blessed

are a man's eyes when they are opened to see what God sees and behold what kind of man God's son died for.

Surely, Jimmy is like his Master, of whom it was said, "As a root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, with no beauty with him that we should desire him."

How much could be told of great merit, and yet we have it so with us to waste time nor space.

Time being we have a rest and this book must be left until the more weighty matters are in readiness.

Enough to say our last interview with Jimmy was a very joyful one; he laughed merrily and rejoiced exceedingly.

Say there's no joy in believing and we recommend you to our pattern; he's a Samson for strength and a monarch of joy. I heard him chuckle over the idea of the policeman going to report himself; he was evidently frightened in case he had not sufficiently considered his district ministers. He thought probably that, offending two street clergy, he had better secure his character from any tarnish and prevent, if possible, any fine. As it happened, nobody else reported him—not considered worth while.

Adieu.

## CHAPTER XXII.

**A**NOTHER rainy day, but Jimmy preached. I saw and heard what some stood with umbrellas to heed: I saw him very hot and wet with perspiration as well as with rain.

He preached about riches and he thanked God for the rain. He never stops, no matter what weather. It's all one, and it takes more rain than ever fell to put Jimmy's candle out. The Lord has lit it, and it will be bright ere Jimmy goes where there's no need of a candle, for the Lord Himself is the light thereof. Cities are dark and need such lights as we portray, and if some cities are darker than others that's no cause for dispensing with such lights as are beacons in all the world. Surely, no city is without its light, and New York needs a great light, and it is seen in our sample of bright shining for Jesus. It's salt that preserves and arrests putrefaction. It's a light that lightens and drives all darkness; and only by visible light is such darkness, as sin makes, made to disappear. The light of men is Christ, and those whom Christ sends He shines through.

I heard him say this afternoon (for he took rest in sleep after dinner to-day), "I knelt down in my room and asked the Lord to show me something, but," said he, "the Lord showed me

nothing." I did hear him say that while kneeling he saw my small portmanteau, and that in which this work is locked, during intervals of rest.

I suppose this glimpse was a jogging my mind to interest myself again by writing thus. God was all Jimmy could read to-night while perusing my Bible, and, as is his wont, after placing spectacles over his nose. He does look clever with glasses, but not proud.

He took another Bible and couldn't see the name greater than good—even "God"—so he placed it aside and concluded God was not there. It's not small, for who shows our man such a name, or why should that name arrest his attention? Is it small that he reads not God's name and in continuance with other events, and while reading the name God is it of vital importance for him to read another, or a subject more explicit? I suppose if a very learned speaker, even an eloquent orator, placed a Bible upon its rest and in the presence of a huge audience simply read the name, and with a moment or two's pause, commented on the August Person, it would be thought very profound. Yea, and so was our attention fastened to Jimmy's profundity; and we heard him read as though he was that learned man and a very scholar.

"Good is the word of the Lord," said Hezekiah, and greater is the name of God than aught

else; so Jimmy saw it, and it makes Jimmy great. God associates men with Him and they immortalize themselves.

Remembering the suffering and the holes made in Christ's hands is a spur to us. It's very agreeable sometimes to yield to our human and ease-loving desires.

I am little disposed to write this evening; nor would I have ever undertaken this task for any thing short of a sense of duty. I only fulfil what I believe to be a duty when tracing an outline of a very profound and godly man.

He said to-night that the reason so many people make a profession of Christianity is because their hearts were never broken, and their change not that of having the hard heart taken away and the soft one imparted.

"The reason people are not always consistent followers of Christ," says Jimmy, "is that they never had their hearts smashed, and God cannot enter that one which is hard." He added, that when people pray God doesn't hear it even. He said it's only when the heart breaks and when a man cries out of a broken one that God hears. I believe in Jimmy's theology; and it's gone far to clear away some existing difficulties I ever entertained; I could never understand how it was people professed Christianity, both prayed and preached fine, but afterwards denied what they professed, and felt ashamed that they were known at any time to have been so stupid as to

make such a parade of being themselves at all religious.

It's astonishing what title Jimmy bears, and what qualified him to be enrolled with the clergy. The first man who addressed him "Reverend James Meccia" was a Mayor; and a number of other gentlemen, not very inferior in rank, are often known to have sent him commissions and announcements, etc., etc., with the great title which he declares to be his gift from God.

"Reverend Meccia." I suppose it's an honor chiefly applied to men and members of a theological school, whose theology and examinations have been sufficiently approved as amongst the list of honorable gentlemen qualified to be dignified with the superior appellation of "Reverend." Now, Jimmy, a minister, but of God, bears the name and title of so many who are more noteworthy, and for that they are the ministers of men. He prayed God one night to show him a minister of His, and declared that if God showed him one in this city of New York he would go and wash his feet. But Jimmy's eyes were opened to a church, about middle of the city; its name we won't give, and all below was not regarded, according to Jimmy, as having a minister of God presiding.

I heard him say he saw Jesus on one occasion walk slowly into the porch of a church, and, reaching the entrance door all poorly clad, as a man forlorn and poorly regarded, he turned, and

with a set of scales in his hands. They were not balanced, for they ascended and descended on either side, and alternately. Of course, Jimmy concluded there to be no salvation in this church; and yet we cannot name the particular church, for no one knows, not even Jimmy. It's well for us we know so little, and did one have more responsibility than that allotted to a single man, it would crush him, and impair him for the fulfilment of any one thing, and drive him to suicide, which spells endless despair.

One day a neighbor came to borrow Jimmy's wash-tub. Jimmy said he couldn't lend it. It was Sunday and he wanted his tub to rest that day. Now, everyone knows Sunday to be spent carelessly by a gross majority in New York, and even some Christians, professing no allegiance to Roman Catholicism, are careless as to what day they observe. Some revere Saturday, the Jews' Sabbath; some are more Christian, and respect the Sunday. This is plain, for all that is said in regard to the first day of the week and the seventh day of the week has no room for discussion in a work after the order of the one in hand.

Seventh-day Sabbaths and first-day Sabbaths are kept, and by those professing Christianity. Surely, it goes without saying that the best followers of a leader of any sect is he who observes his leader's dates and red-letters such days as were associated with the fame of that leader.

If the resurrection is not a day of days then Christianity has no power; and if we observe a dead law, disannulled and kept by Him who raised from the dead, how can we any longer say we are Christians?

If there be a greater day recorded than Easter Sunday we would like to know it, so to regard it and rest on such a sacred day. But surely, Jesus Christ, the founder of true religion, is the one to guide, and the greatest day to be regarded is the day of days, namely Sunday.

Jimmy is a Sabbatarian, a strict observer of the day of rest—not Saturday, but Sunday. A better Christian than he who observes Saturday, and for why—we can give good reason.

First, Jimmy intends to win some Jews to the Christian faith; and how can he do it by observing their religion? The Jews are strong to observe levitical rites, despite so many years of Christ's publicity.

If you go to them for a Sabbath, you better not preach any doctrine not combined in the law and the prophets. Surely the law cannot be kept apart from Christ; and "Christ is the end of the law to everyone that believeth."

Yours on behalf of Jimmy; another leaf out of his theological roll.

Jimmy is profoundly and exquisitely clean. He used to take season tickets, and would invite me sometimes, during my vacation, to come with him, at his expense. He used to very regularly



go, about as often as he could, and at midday. I am as fond of the sea as he, and readily did respond to swim and relish a healthy recreation, as can be enjoyed where bathing resorts are conducted as clean as becomes civilized races.

He would not stand at price, and paid any money to have what was a good article, and even avoided cheap baths. He did come quickly from one set, who were not as well-behaved as becomes men, when associating with those who are quite strangers to others attending. It's not meritorious for men, because they pay to occupy all which others went far to purchase.

The language may be curtailed when the mouth is more foul than the form, or else, needing more than salted sea to arrest its disease. Cleanliness should always be the purpose of those who bathe, and yet, uncleanness may equally be pursued. It's futile to narrate that a man is clean because he's fond of bathing; but the fact of Jimmy's cleanliness is the key to our hinting that penned.

Be careful, gentle reader, to construe the unintended preaching to no further an extreme than the author intended.

Cleanliness is next to godliness, but cleanliness is the outcome of a clean life, and cleanliness an impossibility apart from godliness.

A man once came into Jimmy's meeting and amazed everyone with his knowledge, and actually preached cleanliness not approved of, for

that he showed marks of tobacco. It's astonishing what light some men have as regards knowledge of religion. But alas! what have they that's real, or can they produce anything more practical than talk? Jimmy did not approve of this man's cleanliness, nor did any with Jimmy's mind; so this talkative offender got advised, since he got talking about Raleigh's introduction of potatoes, that he better go and learn how to chew potatoes and not tobacco. It's impossible to be ambitious above things crude, and almost rude. It's this way we see our hero; and it's a duplicating his life, sayings and conduct. You never knew anyone more dainty or particular, and Jimmy's refinement is godliness, and cleanliness the result.

"Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and never the slightest suggestion of anything unseemly ever crosses Jimmy's lips. It's impossible to construe aught said by him to savor anything but things rigidly sacred. Everything vulgar was obnoxious and called forth a stern, manly rebuke.

He tells of a man who feigned much love for Jimmy and ultimately became a deadly foe. Of this man Jimmy had great hopes and would never have believed what afterwards became apparent, for this same man would talk the most obscene language and would perpetrate the foulest offence and to the detriment of another who professed humble allegiance to Jesus'

teaching; this man has been blackmailed and now Jimmy threatens him with having passed the portals of penitence.

How true that out of the heart proceedeth that which defileth a man—not that going into the mouth, but that which cometh out.

Wash and be clean, but oh! men need go from their baths and, to be made clean, never reach any fountain for pure cleansing than that which is "open in the city of David for sin and all uncleanness."

When contending with a man already portrayed, no less than him who Jimmy prophesies as having a dark future, he, Jimmy, said to this man, "If you think you are right and I am wrong, come and kneel down in the street with me, and we will pray God to show us who is wrong; maybe He would punish that one." For some reason the man took to his heels and slid off rapidly.

Another time while preaching, a man was very persistent and to little purpose. While Jimmy hesitated as to what would be best to do with the man, another taller than he who persisted, came, and with his cap he thrashed the intruder severely, and with words to the effect that he knew the man and said he was crazy, adding to this the rejoinder, "Go on home," and concluded, saying, "Oh, he's crazy; he's a friend of mine."

Now, Jimmy's perspicacity made him rejoice over the absurdity of the man calling a crazy

man his friend, and though he solemnly conducted the meeting, he afterwards was greatly amused that such a crazy folk attended his preaching. But not so, for these were exceptional cases, and many attended who were not unlettered, and surely stood with great reverence to the close of his strange and extraordinary preaching.

If Jimmy learns slowly from the Book of Books then he learns no less and is learned in arts which go to furnish a man with practical knowledge, and thus he gets well into the affections of his hearers; for all know, who employ but little time in the audience, that he speaks "what he knows and testifies of that he has seen."

I suppose the American flag to be not little loved by him, and he says God sent Columbus to this country and for his benefit. He thanks God again and again for the country in which he heard Protestantism, and the country of freedom that brought him freedom through faith in Christ. Jimmy is Americanized, and so are all his, and if one abides long with him he makes that one very soon contented to become the inhabitant of a land so free.

Women have played profoundly practical a part, both in times of war and in times of peace; but God never used women to the extent He has men and never will. It's noticeable just now how active a part they play. It's said they are beginning to govern and not submit again to

the first made. It's alright providing they can govern where men cannot, that is, their homes. It's not likely that women will gather a mass of governesses, or exert their influence very far in any State or Country. We may name isolated cases where women have outstripped men, and they have been exceptional cases, for it was to supply the lack of man just at the time of their sway, when they stupendously distinguished themselves and were almost masculine. Such cases can be understood, and easily so.

It's this way; women of that governing order are not suitable for the home, and when one takes official positions and without home precincts, it's a certain proof that she cannot be a man's wife, or even concert herself in home life. It would be inappropriate to such an one and unbecoming to the class of woman we here discuss.

Some have contrite spirits, but others not, and a woman without gentleness is not suitable to become a mother. A mother has a tender heart, or her children will have hard ones; and a mother must wield the sceptre of love, or a man can never grow from her nursery. Mothers are adorable, but women we know nothing about.

Jimmy fears women are not home enough, or, in scriptural words, they are not contented to learn of their husbands. Usurping authority in the church is very fashionable. They do it as do others, things contrary to Divine law.

Well it is said that a woman should keep

silence and not at all allow her voice to be heard when church matters are discussed, and yet they do and very freely. It's a shame for a woman to speak in the church, and still they cannot be silent. Jimmy is very dogmatic about this particular portion of his creed. If not generally approved of he is not off the mark and produces Scripture which is a sign of being well grounded; and a man like Jimmy, with the spirit of Scripture, is a good pattern for all kinds.

There's nothing humiliating in learning from a man right whoe'er he be, or entertaining his good characteristics when they are reconcilable to the Holy Page. It's a great and universal sore to learn what is not palatable to the mind and heart of man, and the repetition is very frequent that "men will not come to the light lest their deeds should be reprov'd."

Pride is the sore that never heals until the Sun of Righteousness shines on it, and men don't make bare or divest themselves for the inspection of Christ, the great Physician. Men are unchanged. They are proud, doting about questions to no profit, and still the sacred name Jesus is employed, ah! too freely, and no cure comes where no seeking is made that the cure may be wrought.

Jimmy propounded a great subject a night ago by saying that God doesn't trouble until people cry out for God and seek Him with all diligence.

The pride of life is a great bugbear to God's work and a shackle to be smashed. But men's hearts are not smashed; and how can men be righted who think themselves right as they are? Cry aloud and devastate pride. No good leaving it to be abolished by women; only men can do that.

The righteous are said to flourish, and they do, but not as may be expected or even as early as is too frequently desired. I never knew a godly man not prosper. If a man prospers to-day he may not prosper to-morrow; or if a man suffers loss to-day he may not suffer loss to-morrow. What we say is, that a man godly will prosper when he doesn't appear to do so, and succeed when all seems contrary to his succeeding.

I've known men spread themselves and like a green bay tree, and green was their success, for it never matured. Others have flourished after they appeared to be failures.

Job was successful all the time. He never suffered defeat, or contrary to success, his lending his goods were exceptionally refunded, and his apparent losses was like money put out at usury. He flourished from the day he was born; and the end of a life is the proof of whether it's a success or not. Job was and others have been. But alas! how few are successful, and for the simple reason they are not righteous, or, if righteous, not greatly so.

"What kind of salvation have these people got?" said Jimmy a little time since. He would frequently hear such testimonies to the effect that men were not worth a dollar, and since saved they have thousands of dollars, and they show their diamond pins and glistening trinkets, either annexed to a gold chain or in the shape of a brilliant, extravagant ring. Well, they flourish, but to-morrow not so.

They were saved to get rich, but they will live to get poor. Such talk is rotten and vigorously opposite to salvation. I never tolerate such visible pride and cry against it. It's of the devil, however well they may regard themselves saved. Such people may be backsliders, but they were ever back in the world.

I have begun to learn since having associated with Jimmy, and am indebted for all here written to the man who knows nothing. But there, he is evidently teaching somebody who knows what he has been told by a saint.

He would defy this sort of people and frequently would absent himself from meetings for that he said these kind of people made him feel sick.

Another, once standing with a band of men round the platform, was bold enough to offer a payment of supper for a poor fellow who in his testimony said he had nothing to eat that evening.

It's poor Christian giving that allows the right hand to know what the left does.



## CHAPTER XXIII.

**S**ECRET Christianity is the need of this generation. The shadow of the Almighty rests only very seldom on a man exposed to publicity.\* The man who craves notice of God and purchases man's dispraise is the one we write of; and did men know God as he they would often wash his feet and deem it an honor.

If my book comes to print after Jimmy goes to Heaven it may not be believed such a saint ever lived. The Lord of Jimmy can order all, and He may order the book, or order His child. If time goes hurrying and my preaching continuing, it may not be long ere I complete my toil. If Jimmy has rest and no more than he gets now, I shall one day be proud to put a printed volume of his own life in his own hands. This work of faith must be pushed ahead by its author, viz., God, the Author of true faith.

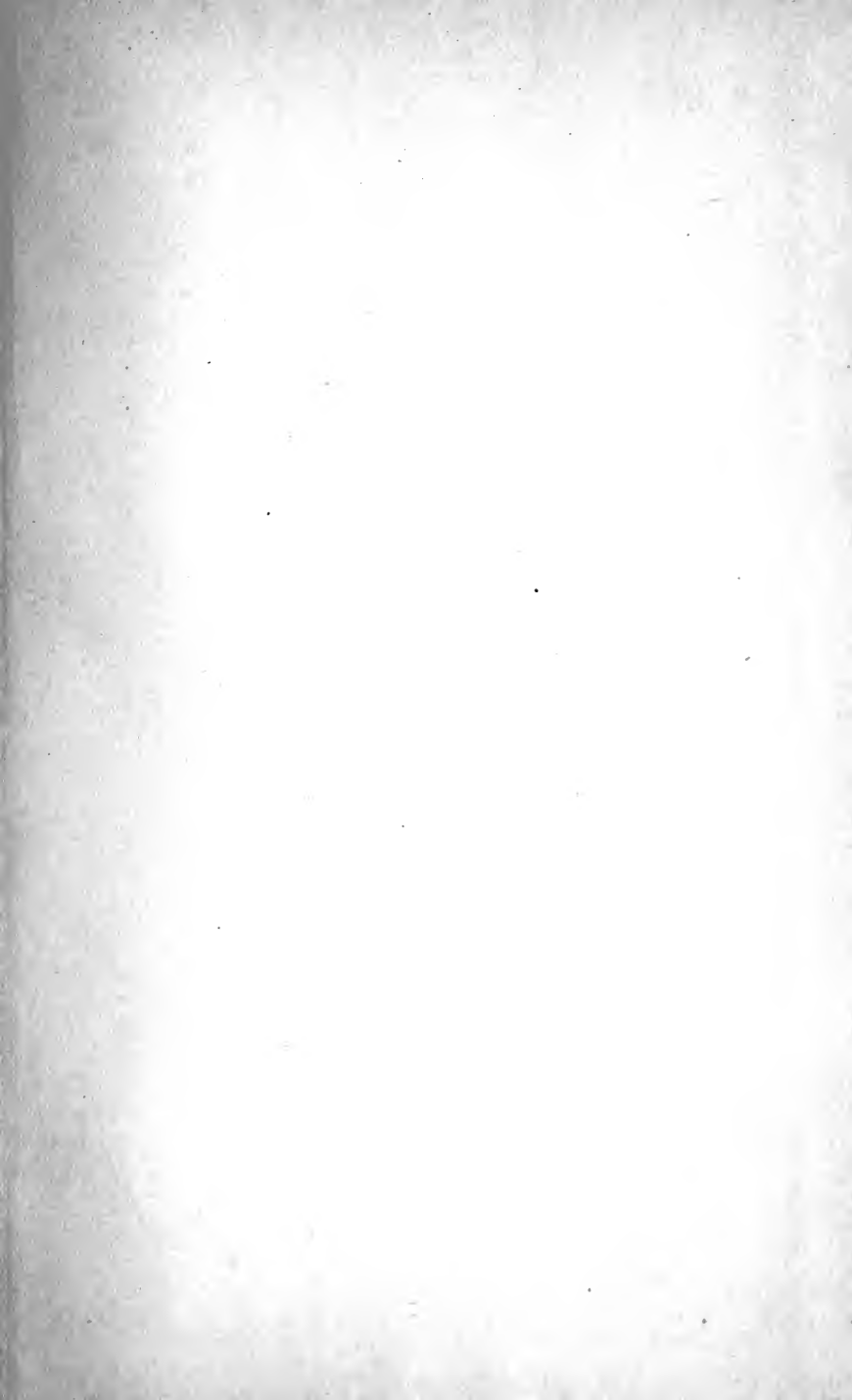
Time will commit these few early comments of Jimmy's to the press, and a further account be added at a remoter date.

Yours faithfully, as aforesigned.

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\*Psalm 91 : 1.





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